THE WICKER MAN

A Screenplay

by

Anthony Shaffer

ORIGINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT 1974.

IN ULLWATER. CHARACTERS.

POSTMAN. TOM COTCHER 1

BUTCHER. ROSS CAMPBELL 1

LADY PUBLICAN. JAN WILSON 1

P.C.MCTAGGART. * PETER KELLY 1

TWO FISHERMAN. * JOHN MULVANEY? 2

SERGEANT NEIL HOWIE. * EDWARD WOODWARD 1

FISHERMAN
WHORE —— KATIE GARDENER ?
PIANO PLAYER

IN SUMMERISLE.

HALF A DOZEN FISHERMEN IN THE HARBOUR. 50

OLD FISHERMAN. * JOHN MULVANEY? 5

HARBOUR MASTER. * JOHN McGREGOR? KEVIN COLLINS 5

MRS. MAY MORRISON. * KATIE GARDENER / MYRA FORSYTH 5

MYRTLE MORRISON. * JENNIFER MARTIN / ~~MYRA FORSYTH~~ 5

ROWAN MORRISON. * 15

MRS. GRIMMOND. * HELEN NORMAN 2

HOLLY GRIMMOND. * JANIE MORTON (13) 3

MEN IN THE BAR OF THE GREEN MAN. * 10 x 8 80

ALDER MACGREGGOR. * WILLIE JOSS 12

WILLOW MACGREGOR. * BRITT EKLAND 11

MAID IN RESTAURANT. * JULIET GADSON / TERRY CAVERS ~~JESSEY McCERTE~~

ALISTAIR THE GIANT. * 7

DUGGALD. A SMALL MAN. * JOSEPH GREGG 7

ONLOOKER IN BAR. * MARTIN COCHRANE 5

TEENAGE COUPLES ON THE GREEN. BETH ROBENS 20 x 1 20

LORD SUMMERISLE. * CHRISTOPHER LEE 20

CHARACTERS.

ASH BUCHANNAN. MARTIN BLACK * 6

18 SCHOOLBOYS ON GREEN ROUND MAYPOLE. 18x6 108

SCHOOLMASTER. WALTER CARR * 6

18 SCHOOLGIRLS IN CLASSROOM AND AT THE STONES. 18x6 108

MISS ROSE. * 12

DAISY. TERRY CAVERS / LESLEY McCERIE

OLD GARDENER/GRAVEDIGGER. JOHN YOUNG? 6

YOUNG WOMAN WEANING HER BABY. 1

T.H.LENNOX. 8

DOCTOR EWAN. 8

HALF A DOZEN SINGING VILLAGE CHILDREN. 36

LIBRARIAN. INGRID PITT 6

OLD MAN IN LIBRARY. JOHN MORTON 1

GILLIE. 6

BROOME. ARTHUR BOWLAND

HALF A DOZEN SWORD DANCERS. 36

SIX ANTLER DANCERS. 36

FOUR TAR MEN. 24

THREE JACKS-IN-THE-GREEN. 18

MUSICIANS (HORNPIPES. THREE HOLED WHISTLES. BAGPIPES. DRUMS. FIDDLES. TAMBOURINES) 48

TWO OLD WOMEN AND TWELVE YEAR OLD CHILD WITH HARE MASK. 18

MIDDLEAGED MAN IN A HOUSE. 6

THREE GIRLS AGED 10-13 IN WINDOW OF HOUSE. 3

MOTHER OF GIRLS IN WINDOW. 1

A DOZEN ASSORTED HOUSEHOLDERS WITH THEIR MASKED CHILDREN. 12

6

HALF A DOZEN WOMEN IN THE HAIRDRESSING SALON. IN FRONT OF BASINS. 36

TWO WOMEN IN HAIRDRESSING SHOP UNDER DRIERS. 12

HAIRDRESSER. DORIS McLATCHIE. LESLIE BLACKATER 6

A BAKER. (ONE OF THE SWORD DANCERS) ROY HANLON 3

A FISHMONGER. (ONE OF THE ANTLER DANCERS) BROWN DERBY 3

A BUTCHER. 3

A VERY OLD WOMAN. (DEAD) JOHN MORTON 1
" " " " (ALIVE) LOUISE McLAREN 6

A YOUNG MAN BLOWING A RAM'S HORN. BRUCE WHITE 3

FOUR MALE FLAMBEAUX CARRIERS. 25

A CROWD OF ABOUT A HUNDRED MALE ISLANDERS. 70 x 5 350

A CROWD OF ABOUT A HUNDRED FEMALE ISLANDERS.

FIGURES IN PHOTOGRAPHS.

TWENTY 13 YEAR OLD GIRLS FOR HARVEST FESTIVAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

A DOZEN ISLANDERS LOOKING AT THE BONE OF AN ANIMAL.

HALF A DOZEN ISLANDERS THROWING WHITE STONES INTO A FIRE. 60

MAN IN BULL HIDE AND FOUR OTHER MEN.

ELDERLY WOMAN ON GROUND WRAPPED IN A BLANKET AND A DOZEN ONLOOKERS.

The credits are shown over a nest of serpents which at the start are dormant. Gradually, as the credits proceed they wake up and start to writhe together. Their excitement mounts, until they are in a considerable frenzy. By the time the credits are completed, the snakes have generated a great quantity of yellowish froth which lies all over their bodies, entangling them.

DISSOLVE TO:

1-5 EXT: HARBOUR OF SCOTTISH SEASIDE PORT OF ULLWATER - NIGHT

The squirming snakes have dissolved into the scum and effluent that floats on the disturbed surface of water in the harbour. The town lights are reflected, refracted and gently squirming among the discarded beer cans. Camera tilts up slowly to see the town fronting onto the fishing quay. The central building is a pub and the dominant sound is that of a piano which has had the felts removed from the hammers and pennies put in their place. We can hear no singing but the tune is, "Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness," (of which there must be a hundred barrack room versions the world over).

1-4 INT: PUB PUBLIC BAR - NIGHT

We are right next to the piano player. Beyond him we can see the people at the bar. They are all men dressed in working clothes, many in cloth caps. Nearly all have pints of beer or Guinness in their hands. The piano player is an old man, rather tubercular looking, with wispy, carroty hair. He is hammering at the piano as if his life depended on it. The attention of the men in the background is suddenly taken by some-one who has come through the door and they go silent, start draining their glasses and preparing to leave.

The piano player doesn't notice them or the person, who, as yet unseen by us, has clearly entered the pub. He changes the tune and suddenly takes a huge gulp at one of the many pints of beer sitting on the piano top, drains it with a prodigious effort in one long gulp, as Sergeant Howie of the West Highland Police comes into view at the bar. He is a well-built, shortish Scot, neat and deceptively jolly. It is the fixed jollity that often hides grim determination and uncompromising dogmatism. He wears uniform. The men at the bar are redoubling their efforts to drink up, settle up and leave. The piano player, smacking his still frothing lips, starts to play again at once but this time in an amazingly cracked, beery voice, reminiscent of the late Houston senior, he sings:

PIANO PLAYER
"The hole in the elephant's bottom ... "

He gets no further than the lines -- "in with it, out with it ... " when Howie in two long steps is upon him and has closed the piano, narrowly missing his fingers.

1-3 CONTD

sergeant at the door. From somewhere in the moving crowd of men comes an ironical, rather bitter voice, half singing a verse ...

MAN'S VOICE IN CROWD
" ... for every drop of drink accursed
makes Christ within you die of thirst.
And every dirty word you say
is one more stone upon His way ... "

It sounds like the piano player. Howie laughs good-naturedly as he closes the door behind him on the now empty pub.

1-2 EXT: PUB AND STREET SCENE - NIGHT

A constable is waiting for him. And together they walk along the road. In an alley they and we come across an old whore, her back to the wall, her skirt up round her waist, clearly servicing an oldish fisherman who, fully clothed, is bumping away breathing heavily enough for us to fear he may scarcely survive the experience. Howie simply points, turns away, and the constable goes and arrests them. They emerge into the light in a comical scene where we realise that the fisherman is very drunk and the whore even older than either we or he had thought. Sergeant Howie looks as if he feels physically sick, and without looking back at the scene, walks on down the street. His rather fixed smile has for the first time left his face.

1-1 INT: "CHURCH OF SCOTLAND" CHURCH - DAY

We are in the middle of the congregation, all standing and singing in unison:

CONGREGATION
"Mine eyes hath seen the Glory of the coming
of the Lord,
He is stamping out the vineyards where the
grapes of wrath are stored,
He has loosed the fearful lightning of his
terrible swift sword,
His truth goes marching on."

We close on Howie and a pretty, shy young woman in a flowered hat by his side. She is obviously WITH him. Howie, his voice booming out, looks confidently straight ahead. He is happy. He is in his element. The eternal verities that rule his life are all around him. She looks up at him and clearly loves him. The little hand that holds her hymn book bears an engagement ring.

1 EXT: MAIN SEASIDE STREET OF ULLWATER - DAY

We follow the progress of a postman as he walks down the main street distributing his letters to people who wait for him outside their houses. In two or three cases we notice in close up that one of the letters in a bundle are official police letters.

a) A householder opens a parking fine.

b) A Butcher opens a summons for keeping meat in an insanitary manner.

c) A lady publican opens a summons for late closing.

All are signed Neil Howie, Sergeant West Highland Police.

Camera cranes up as the postman walks on down the street and turns in to the police station. This angle allows us to see the lead grey rooves and white walls of the town, crowding down to the harbour.

2 INT: OUTER OFFICE POLICE STATION - DAY

P.C. McTaggart stands behind the desk as the Postman comes in prominently holding an unofficial, handwritten envelope.

POSTMAN
Morning Hugh.

MCTAGGART
Morning Postie! What have you got there?

POSTMAN
It's for his nibs. It's only fair I suppose, seeing I've been distributing his billetdoos all the morning.

The camera moves into a close up of the letter which we note is addressed to Sergeant Howie West Highland Police Ullwater. The stamp is franked with an elaborate Apple over the words SummerIsle Apples.

POSTMAN
It's postmarked Summer Isle. Got a piece of skirt over there, I shouldn't wonder.

2 CONTD

The Postman glances in the direction of a door marked Sergeant Howie, Private.

MCTAGGART
What him? The only woman in his life is the Virgin Mary.

POSTMAN
I thought he was going steady with Mary Bannock.

MCTAGGART
Steady's right. In two years he hasn't so much as tickled her fancy.
(affected voice)
He's keeping himself pure for the wedding.

POSTMAN
Poor old Mary. I don't know what she's doing going around with him. When they're married she'll be on her knees in church more often than on her back in bed ...

Conversation trails away. Sergeant Howie stands in the doorway of his office looking coldly at the two men. He is a well built, shortish Scot, neat and dour. The Postman takes his sheepish leave.

POSTMAN
Morning all.

The door to the street closes behind him. McTaggart holds out the letter.

MCTAGGART
There's a letter for you, Sergeant.

Howie moves slowly to the desk and takes the letter from McTaggart. In silence he returns to his own room closing the door.

3 INT: HOWIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Howie cuts open his letter, and sitting down, reads it through slowly. He thinks for a moment, looks at it again, then rises and opens his door.

HOWIE
Hugh, come in here please.

4 INT: OUTER OFFICE - DAY

McTaggart puts down his papers and comes round the desk walking towards Sergeant Howie's room.

5 INT: HOWIE'S OFFICE - DAY

McTaggart comes in and closes the door. Howie hands him the letter.

HOWIE
What do you make of that?

McTaggart reads the letter aloud in a soft voice, edged with difficulty.

MCTAGGART
(reading)
Dear Sergeant Howie,
None of us have seen May Morrison's daughter Rowan, since last year. She's only twelve and has been missing from her home for many months. She couldn't have left the Island by herself, she's too young, and her mother won't say nothing about it -- just to mind my own business. Well I reckon it's all our business when a kid disappears, that's why I'm writing you this letter.
A Child Lover.
Summer Isle.
P.S. I enclose a picture of Rowan Morrison.

McTaggart looks at the picture. We cut in to a close up of the photograph to see that twelve year old Rowan is standing under some blossoming apple trees.

HOWIE
Well, what do you think?

MCTAGGART
Funny it's anonymous.

HOWIE
Just part of the good neighbour policy. Inform discreetly.

MCTAGGART
Will you go?

5 CONTD

HOWIE
Certainly. I've been waiting for an opportunity to get over to Summer Isle. Have you ever been there?

MCTAGGART
No sarge. Don't know anyone who has either -- though I've eaten the famous apples of course. It's a bit odd isn't it? ... I mean all that fruit.

HOWIE
It's odd alright. No cars. No telephones. No television. No law. I tried to land there once, but I was refused permission because I hadn't got a warrant, and had received no official complaint.

MCTAGGART
But surely ...

HOWIE
It's private property. The whole Island belongs to Lord Summer Isle.

MCTAGGART
I see.
(pause)
But now, of course, acting on information received ...

HOWIE
Exactly.
(bitterly)
I bet they're running a three ringed circus over there -- no licensing laws, dancing and boozing on Sundays ...

McTaggart grins despite himself. Howie notices.

HOWIE
(good humouredly)
Oh I daresay it would suit a heathen brute like you McTaggart. But this is still a law abiding,
(MORE)

5 CONTD (2)

HOWIE (Contd)
Christan country, however un-fashionable those words may be today, and they apply to Summer Isle whether it is privately owned or not.

Howie consults a boat schedule, so named, pinned on the wall.

HOWIE
H'm. There's no boat for a couple of weeks. I'll take the seaplane.

He opens his door and walks through to the outer office.

6 INT: OUTER OFFICE - DAY

HOWIE
I'll be back tomorrow night. And you'd better circulate the kid's description. You never know, someone might have brought her over here.

MCTAGGART
She's drowned, or fallen off a cliff, most like.

HOWIE
Most like. But we've got to know.

MCTAGGART
I suppose so.

HOWIE
(bitterly)
Missing since last year, and someone "reckons it their business!"

He snorts and bangs out, taking his coat.

7 EXT: HARBOUR OF ULLWATER - DAY

Two fishermen lean on the harbour wall watching Howie being rowed out to a moored seaplane. He climbs out on to the float and unmoors it. The rowboat pulls away towards us, the rower waving. Howie gives a short wave and enters the cockpit.

7 CONTD

1st FISHERMAN
Do you think he might be going for good?

2nd FISHERMAN
It always does to look on the bright side.

The engines of the plane swings to life and the sea-plane taxis away from us towards the mouth of the harbour.

8 EXT: OUTSIDE HARBOUR ULLWATER - DAY

The seaplane gains speed and lifts off towards the West.

9 EXT: WESTERN ISLES - DAY
MONTAGE - POV HELICOPTER

A long montage journey over the bald, barren humps of the Western Islands interspersed with glittering bars of water fired by the sun. We see it all from Howie's point of view -- about 3000 feet. On one island a few sheep run before the plane, on others an occasional crofter looks up shielding his eyes. It is silent except for the muted noise of the plane and the sea birds. The whole archipelago is treeless and except for heather and gorse, vegetationless. The occupations are sheep raising and fishing, and some of the islands have a few landing stages to accomodate the latter occupation, and the occasional packet boat. We pass a dozen such islands heading further and further West into the sun. Eventually we pass over a broader stretch of sea than we have previously seen, and find, out of sight of other islands, Summer Isle.

10 INT: THE SEAPLANE - DAY

Howie consults his map and noses the plane downwards towards Summer Isle, three thousand below through trailing cloud which serves to mask our transference to a model shot.

11 MODEL SHOT - SUMMER ISLE - DAY

The approach to the island is apparently through thin cloud from three thousand feet. They disperse to reveal an astonishing sun lit scene. Around the coasts of Summer Isle the approaches are if anything more unwelcome than anything we have seen on the

11 CONTD

journey. The cliffs are high and fierce, and the sea birds particularly savage in their chorus. As we pass over them the noise is deafening and deadly. But the centre of the island is one huge valley, and it is this which is astonishing. No terrain since Arcadia was ever so fecund. The meadows are dense with spring field flowers, and everywhere, standing in long orderly ranks are fruit trees heavy with blossom -- apple and pear, plum and cherry, apricot and peach. Waterfalls and streams glitter amongst them, and lend to the whole an air of rich fantasy such as that suggested by the early Silly Symphonies.

12 INT: THE SEA PLANE - DAY

Sergeant Howie looking at the scene cannot believe his eyes. His jaw literally drops open and he shakes his head in bewilderment, as he tries to assure himself that he has not flown straight from the Western Islands off the edge of the world into some mythical fecund time and place. He puts his plane into a steep circular dive towards the harbour.

13 EXT: THE HARBOUR - SUMMER ISLE - DAY

The seaplane comes down and lands in the harbour. It taxis alongside a buoy. The engines are cut and the agile Sergeant Howie jumps out onto a float and starts to make her fast to it.

14 EXT: THE FLOAT OF THE SEAPLANE - DAY

A close up of Howie as he finishes tying up the sea plane. He looks towards the island.

15 EXT: HARBOUR - SUMMER ISLE - DAY

We see the harbour from Howie's POV. A number of fishermen stand on the jetty mostly immobile.

16 EXT: THE FLOAT OF THE SEAPLANE - DAY

Howie turns and takes a loud hailer out of the sea plane and addresses the people on the jetty.

HOWIE
(loud hailer)
I want a dinghy please.

17 EXT: HARBOUR - SUMMER ISLE - DAY

No one moves on the jetty. We widen to include Howie in shot.

17 CONTD

HOWIE
(louder hailer)
Did you hear me? I want a dinghy.

The harbour master emerges from his shed and comes running along the jetty fastening up his uniform as he runs.

HARBOUR MASTER
(shouting through cupped hands)
Hullo sir. Lost your bearings?

HOWIE
(loud hailer)
I don't think so. This is Summer Isle, isn't it?

HARBOUR MASTER
(shouting)
Yes sir.

HOWIE
(loud hailer)
Well I'm right then. Send out a dinghy please.

HARBOUR MASTER
(shouting)
I'm afraid it can't be done, sir. This is private property. You can't land here without written permission.

HOWIE
(loud hailer)
I am a police officer. A complaint has been received from a resident of this island which needs to be investigated.

HARBOUR MASTER
(shouting)
A complaint you say?

HOWIE
(loud hailer)
About a missing child. That makes it a police matter on or off private property. Send a boat please.

17 CONTD (2)

There is a brief colloquy on the jetty, then a single figure detaches itself from the group and descends the steps to a boat moored to the wall. He casts off and heads towards the sea plane. Howie grins mirthlessly and turns to replace the loud hailer in the sea plane. There is a mix through to the next scene.

18 EXT: HARBOUR JETTY - SUMMER ISLE - DAY

Howie disembarks from the row boat and ascends the steps towards the top of the jetty. A group of fishermen wait for him.

HARBOUR MASTER
Good day sir. I'm the Harbour Master.

HOWIE
Sergeant Howie. West Highland Police.

HARBOUR MASTER
A missing child is always trouble.

HOWIE
Yes. For everybody.

They inspect each other levelly.

HARBOUR MASTER
Perhaps you'd be so good as to explain matters to his Lordship. He's most particular who lands here.

HOWIE
All in good time. We too have our own particularities.

Howie produces the photograph of Rowan Morrison.

HOWIE
Do you know her? Her name is Rowan Morrison.

The Harbour Master takes the photograph and studies it.

HARBOUR MASTER
No. I've never seen her before. You George?

He passes it to an old fisherman.

18 CONTD

FISHERMAN
No. I can't say I have.

The photograph is passed from hand to hand. Heads are shaken, we hear a chorus of "No's".

HOWIE
What are you telling me -- that this girl is not from this island?

Hostile or incurious stares greet his penetrating gaze.

HARBOUR MASTER
That's right. She's not from here.

OLD FISHERMAN
You get Morrisons on Lewis and a few on Mull. I'd try over there.

Howie produces the letter and keeping his thumb over the absent signature, reads.

HOWIE
(reading)
None of us have seen May Morrison's daughter Rowan since last year. She's only twelve and has been missing from home for many months.
(normal voice)
The mother's name is May Morrison!

HARBOUR MASTER
(laughing)
Oh May! ... She quite slipped my mind. Yes, we've got May here alright -- keeps the sweet shop just up the street there opposite the pub.

HOWIE
(cold)
May Morrison? You're quite sure?

HARBOUR MASTER
(jovial)
Of course.

HOWIE
I see. Thank you.

18 CONTD (2)

He abruptly takes back his photograph which has been held by one of the fishermen, and puts it and the letter back in his pocket. Then turning his back on the group on the jetty, he starts up the steeply graded high street. They watch him go perhaps ten yards. Then the Harbour Master shouts after him.

HARBOUR MASTER
But that's not her daughter.

Howie turns slowly, looking down on the group of men, puzzled.

OLD FISHERMAN
No. That's not May's.

HOWIE
Who is it then?

Silence. Howie turns away from them and continues up the steep high street which leads away from the jetty into the town. His face is troubled.

19 EXT: HIGH STREET - SUMMER ISLE TOWN - DAY

A high shot of Howie walking up the high street. We note that the houses are whitewashed and that all paintwork is new and bright. Everywhere there are window boxes of spring flowers. A few prosperous looking islanders are in evidence, some of them on bicycles. All stare curiously at Howie as he makes his way up to May Morrison's shop. He comes up with the pub, and then looks across the street to find the sweet shop. He strolls across towards it.

20 EXT: MAY MORRISON'S SWEET SHOP - DAY

Howie stands looking into the old fashioned bow window of the shop. It is full of magnificent chocolate hares and strange distended sugar babies. He looks up at the board over the window. It reads May's Tuck Shop. Opening the door, he enters the shop to the tinkle of a bell.

21 INT: MAY MORRISON'S SWEET SHOP - DAY

In response to the bell on the door, Mrs. Morrison comes through from her back room parlour and stands behind the counter. She is a buxom little person in a flowered overall. Laughing eyes move in a rosy face. On the counter between her and the Sergeant stands a

21 CONTD

display of more chocolate hares and sugar babies. Howie's attention is again caught by them.

HOWIE
I like the rabbits.

MRS. MORRISON
Those are hares, not silly old rabbits. Lovely March hares. Can I help you?

HOWIE
It's Mrs. Morrison isn't it? Mrs. May Morrison?

She nods.

HOWIE
I'm a police officer.

MRS. MORRISON
Oh Lor! Did you come over in the aeroplane I saw flying round?

HOWIE
That's right.

MRS. MORRISON
What? Just to see me?

HOWIE
Well to check up on your daughter actually. We understand she's missing.

MRS. MORRISON
Missing? My daughter?

HOWIE
You do have a daughter don't you? This is her?

Howie pushes the photograph across the counter towards Mrs. Morrison. She picks it up and looks at it.

MRS. MORRISON
Never!

Howie looks hard at her. Under his scrutiny she laughs suddenly, boisterously.

21 CONTD (2)

MRS. MORRISON
I tell you no.

There is silence. From the next room we hear a voice.

MYRTLE (VOICE OVER)
Mummy!

Howie starts towards the door leading to the parlour. Mrs. Morrison, still laughing, puts her bulk in front of him.

MRS. MORRISON
I think you'd better come with me.

She opens the door and leads the way into the parlour.

22 INT: PARLOUR OF SWEET SHOP - DAY

Mrs. Morrison enters followed by Sergeant Howie. Sitting at the table is a small girl of about six years old. She has a pad of drawing paper in front of her and a dozen pots of poster paint.

MRS. MORRISON
That's our Myrtle. She was six last birthday. Not a bit like the girl in your photograph. She must be at least twelve or thirteen surely.

HOWIE
Yes, but ... Is she your only child, Mrs. Morrison?

MRS. MORRISON
Yes. Our only child I'm afraid. That's sad for her, and sad for us, isn't it?

She gives Howie a sad-sweet smile. He turns away impatiently.

MRS. MORRISON
Say hullo, Myrtle. This is Sergeant --

HOWIE
Howie. Hullo, Myrtle.

MYRTLE
(gravely)
How do you do.

22 CONTD

She holds out her hand and they shake.

From next door we hear the tinkle of the shop bell. Howie holds the door closed, keeping her in the parlour.

HOWIE
Mrs. Morrison, from information that has come into my possession, I have reason to believe you have another daughter.

MRS. MORRISON
Do you now? Well I should know best about that, shouldn't I?

HOWIE
And that she is missing.

MRS. MORRISON
Do I look like a mother with a missing daughter? Come now, you're the policeman.

HOWIE
Well no, but ...

MRS. MORRISON
But what ... ?

HOWIE
I have to investigate.

MRS. MORRISON
Having come so far you mean?

HOWIE
Please Mrs. Morrison ... It's only that we have to follow up on information received.

MRS. MORRISON
From who?

HOWIE
I'm afraid I can't tell you that. It's probably some crank. After all if you tell me Myrtle is an only child ...

MRS. MORRISON
Of course she is.

22 CONTD (2)

HOWIE
Well there you are ... Would you have any objection if I talked to her for a moment?

MRS. MORRISON
Why should I? You're not going to eat her are you?

Howie smiles thinly and opens the door for her to pass through into the shop. Mrs. Morrison smiles encouragingly at her daughter and goes through the door. Howie closes it behind her and crosses to sit opposite Myrtle at the table.

We now see that the child is doing a drawing of a hare with huge ears and whiskers which she is copying from a copper mould that has plainly been used to make the chocolate hares. She looks up and hands Howie a dripping paint brush.

MYRTLE
Here you are. You can fill in the ears in grey.

Neat, clean Sergeant Howie is horrified to find his hand suddenly sticky with paint, and quickly takes the paint rag to clean himself. Carefully he selects a clean brush and starts on the ears.

HOWIE
Myrtle, do you know Rowan?

MYRTLE
Of course.

Howie is startled by the answer.

HOWIE
You do?

MYRTLE
Course I do, silly.

HOWIE
Where is she now?

MYRTLE
In the fields. She runs and plays all day.

22 CONTD (3)

HOWIE
Will she be back for tea?

MYRTLE
(laughing uproariously)
Tea? She doesn't have tea.

HOWIE
Why not? Doesn't she like it?

She stops laughing abruptly and stares at him contemptuously.

MYRTLE
Hares don't have tea, silly.

HOWIE
Hares!

MYRTLE
She's a hare. Rowan's a hare.
She has a lovely time.

Howie sits thunderstruck. The door to the shop opens and Mrs. Morrison re-appears.

MRS. MORRISON
Did I hear someone mention tea?
You will stay won't you?

HOWIE
(slowly)
Thank you. That's very kind.

MRS. MORRISON
Not at all. It must be thirsty work, asking all those questions.

HOWIE
Mrs. Morrison, perhaps if you wouldn't mind -- I mean just so I can complete my report -- may I take a look round the house.

MRS. MORRISON
Of course you can. Only I don't suppose it's very tidy. My husband, like most of you men, leaves everything to be cleared up after him.

He goes through the door and ascends some steep stairs which lead to the bedrooms. Mrs. Morrison watches him

22 CONTD (4)

with thoughtful amusement for a moment, then moves to the stove to put the kettle on.

23 INT: LANDING ABOVE SWEET SHOP - DAY

Howie reaches the top of the stairs and is confronted with two doors one on each side of the landing. He opens the one on his left hand side first and enters.

24 INT: MR. AND MRS. MORRISON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Howie inspects the room which contains a wardrobe, a double bed and a chest of drawers. He glances briefly round it, noting the clutter of personal adult possessions which are strewn about but which tell him nothing. He leaves the room.

25 INT: LANDING - DAY

Howie closes the bedroom door and crosses the landing. Carefully he opens the door of Myrtle's bedroom.

26 INT: MYRTLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Howie enters the room. It is very tidy and neat, and quite obviously the room of a little girl. Myrtle's own paintings adorn the walls, and some toys lie stacked in a corner. There is one bed in the centre of the room, and in the far corner a double-doored clothes cupboard. He crosses to it and opens one of the doors. Clothes for a six year old girl hang on the rack, and similarly shoes on the floor. He half turns away, closing the door, when something catches his eye. It is a shoe belonging to a girl of thirteen poking out of the door on the other side of the cupboard. HE wrestles it open with sudden galvanic energy and we see it belongs to a pair of such shoes lying on the floor of the cupboard next to half a dozen similarly sized boots and shoes. The camera pans up violently to see a rack of thirteen year old girl's clothes.

27 INT: PARLOUR OF SWEET SHOP - DAY

The tea things have been laid out and Mrs. Morrison is already pouring when the door is thrown open and we see Howie standing in the doorway holding out one of the thirteen year old dresses accusingly in front of him. He walks over to Myrtle and measures it against her. It is obviously much too large for her.

27 CONTD

HOWIE
(grimly)
You haven't been straight with me, Mrs. Morrison.

Mrs. Morrison turns at the tone of his voice and sees the dress.

MRS. MORRISON
Why, you've found one of Holly's dresses, and you thought it was ...

She dissolves in giggles.

MRS. MORRISON
Why it's just like a detective story.

HOWIE
Holly?

MRS. MORRISON
Yes. Mrs. Grimmond's daughter. She came to stay with us last week when her mum was ill. She's a widow you see and can't really cope, poor old soul. Here's your tea. Now drink it up while it's hot.

Howie takes the cup and automatically starts drinking.

HOWIE
But why should she leave her clothes here?

MRS. MORRISON
Oh you know how girls are -- scatterbrained. Holly's always forgetting things.

Howie regards Mrs. Morrison's plump figure calmly buttering scones, with irritation.

HOWIE
You mean she forgot all her clothes? ... Where does she live?

MRS. MORRISON
Holly? Oh I'm afraid it's quite a long way. Mind you I could
(MORE)

27 CONTD (2)

MRS. MORRISON (Contd)
lend you my bicycle if you like. You go up the hill past the old church, then turn left by Serpent's Egg Hill ...

Mix through to the next scene.

28 EXT: HILL ROAD ON SUMMER ISLE - LATE AFTERNOON

A panning shot of Howie toiling up a hill on an ancient ladies bicycle with a basket. His thick grey woollen socks do the service of bicycle clips. The road itself is lined with apple orchards in bloom.

Mix through to the next scene.

29 EXT: A FLAT ROAD ON SUMMER ISLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Howie is seen cycling through a higher landscape with orchards exhibiting blossoms of a colour different to the previous scene -- perhaps pear or apricot or plum -- falling away from him on either side. As he passes by, the camera pans off him to discover the malevolent features of the Druid God Cernunnos staring out at us from a Bas Relief half buried in the spring flowers of the roadside bank.

Mix through to the next scene.

30 EXT: COUNTRY COTTAGE - EVENING

A white washed cottage stands amongst blooming fruit trees. We track in towards it down a long path. As we near it the front door opens and Mrs. Grimmond emerges with Sergeant Howie and a young girl of about 13, Holly, who at first glance we know to be totally different to the Rowan Morrison of the photograph.

MRS. GRIMMOND
... So it's as I say. Sergeant Howie, I can't tell you who would write a wicked letter like that. All I know is that May Morrison's got just the one daughter -- Myrtle.

Howie stands in the sunlight looking baffled. Slowly he turns to Holly.

HOWIE
Thank you, Mrs. Grimmond.
(MORE)

30 CONTD

HOWIE (Contd)
(to Holly)
But one thing I still don't understand is why you left your clothes behind when you'd finished your stay with Mrs. Morrison.

Holly smiles, looks slyly at her mother, smiles again and gives a shrug.

HOLLY
I just forgot 'em that's all. I'll pick 'em up when I'm by next.

HOWIE
But surely ... to forget so many clothes ...

HOLLY
I know. It was silly of me wasn't it? Downright careless, mum said. Didn't you, mum?

MRS. GRIMMOND
(laughing)
And so it was. She's a pretty girl, my Holly, but she doesn't always use her brains.

Mrs. Grimmond puts her arm round Holly and squeezes her affectionately. Looking at the smiling faces of mother and daughter, Howie loses heart and abandons his remonstrances.

HOWIE
I see. Well thank you again, and good evening to you.

Abruptly Howie turns away, face taut, aware of the subtle mockery of the two females. Clumsily he mounts his bicycle and pedals away down the path followed by their faint laughter. The camera tracks with him down the path and turns the corner onto the main road.

31 EXT: ROAD ON SUMMER ISLE - EVENING

Howie swings out onto the road on his bicycle and is confronted with gigantic shadow of a strangely malformed water bird (or boobrie in Druid myth), with webbed feet, tremendous claws and monstrous beak,

31 CONTD

lying across his path in the road. He brakes sharply and looks fearfully up. Above his head he sees that the huge bird has been cut in topiary and is free-standing amongst the apple trees. Pulling himself together, he pedals on uncertainly into the gloaming.

32 EXT: MAY MORRISON'S SWEET SHOP - NIGHT

Howie is carefully placing Mrs. Morrison's bicycle in a small shed in the garden of her house. Quietly he leaves the garden and stands looking across the street at the Green Man Inn. He starts to walk towards it.

33 EXT: THE GREEN MAN INN - NIGHT

The camera moves with Howie across the main street towards The Green Man Inn. It is a whitewashed seventeenth century building, rather larger than those normally found in the Western Islands. The bar is uncurtained and light streams from it into the street as well as a great deal of laughter, singing and general rumpus. Howie pauses before it, and looks up uncertainly at the large Inn sign. A close up of it shows the face of an earthy man from whose ears nose and mouth grow sprays of greenery which entwine about him to form a screen from which he peeps out at us. The refraction of the light from the bar caused by the shifting figures within cause the eyes to seem to move. Howie frowns, deliberates a moment longer, then enters the Inn.

34 INT: THE BAR OF THE GREEN MAN INN - NIGHT

The scene is lively with the company, exclusively male, sitting about drinking and singing. We note en passant a group gathered round a Nine Men's Morris Table of extreme age. Howie enters the bar and pushes his way towards the counter. The room goes quiet, and he is observed with keen but not unkindly curiosity. Behind the bar a man of similar build, but much older -- about fifty, comes to meet him.

HOWIE
Are you the Landlord here?

ALDER MACGREGOR
Aye. I'm Alder MacGregor. And you'll be the policeman from the mainland.

HOWIE
That's right. Howie's the name.
(MORE)

34 CONTD

HOWIE (Contd)
Sergeant Howie of the West Highland Police. It's too late for me to get back tonight, so I'd like a room and some dinner. Can you manage it?

ALDER MACGREGOR
Of course. My daughter will show you up.
(shouting)
Willow!

A magnificently built girl in her early twenties, with classic Celtic features, hair and colouring, who has been standing further down the bar, turns and walks towards us.

WILLOW
Father?

ALDER MACGREGOR
This is Sergeant Howie, a policeman from the mainland who will be staying with us tonight.
(to Howie)
This is my daughter Willow.

HOWIE
Good evening.

She smiles at him appreciatively.

ALDER MACGREGOR
She'll show you your room.

There is a great roar from the company at this innocent remark. Willow opens the flap of the bar and starts to lead Howie through the bar room to some stairs at the back. All around them the company starts singing.

CHORUS
A landlord had one daughter
And a nice young girl too she was
Above her garters I dare not go
I being a stranger I fell in danger
For doing so, for doing so.

Howie starts blushing furiously, and looks round for a way of escape through the leering faces and waving beer mugs.

34 CONTD (2)

CHORUS
I sowed some seed, all in some grove
All in some grove, there grows no green
Now for to repeat I could not stir
I being a stranger I fell in danger
For doing so, for doing so.

Howie practically fleeing from the laughing Willow works his way back to the bar.

CHORUS
When nine long months was gone and past
This pretty girl had a fine son at last
Now she must keep it and call it her own
And reap the seed that I have sown
For doing so, for doing so.

There is a final communal cheer as Willow goes back behind the bar, and walks off towards the kitchen.

HOWIE
I think I'll go up later if it's all the same to you.

ALDER MACGREGOR
You don't want to let them worry you. Have a drink man.

HOWIE
No thank you. I think you ought to know that I'm here on official business.
(raising his voice)
I think you all ought to know.

Silence falls again on the rowdy bar.

HOWIE
(normal voice)
I think you all ought to know that I'm here to investigate the disappearance of this young girl.

He produces the photograph and holds it up.

HOWIE
Her name is Rowan Morrison, and she's been missing for some months. I want you to pass this photograph amongst yourselves, and if you recognise her, or have a clue to her whereabouts, speak out. Is that clear?

34 CONTD (3)

There are general murmurs of assent. Howie hands the photograph to the man nearest to him and we pan with it as it is passed from hand to hand round the bar. Everywhere it is greeted with blank stares and head-shakes. Finally it makes its way back to him. The bar is silent, staring at him. He, uncomfortable, turns his back on them and gives the photographs on the wall of the bar his full attention. We see in detail what he is seeing. They have the same shape as group photographs and each is dated with a different year and signed by the same local photographer -- T. H. Lennox. They span at least two decades and in composition are remarkably similar. The setting in each case is the sanctuary of the local church, piled high with the most lusciously and perfectly formed farm produce -- vegetables, fruit and particularly apples. Standing astride the pile in each photograph is a thirteen year old girl. The most recent year's photograph is missing. The nail on which it hung is there, and so is its faint outline on the wall, but that's all. Howie rather ostentatiously compares his photograph of Rowan Morrison with those of recent years on the wall, but the girls are plainly different. Behind the bar Willow comes up to her father and whispers in his ear.

ALDER MACGREGOR
Your dinner's ready, sergeant.

Slowly Howie turns to face MacGregor.

HOWIE
What are these here? Harvest festivals?

ALDER MACGREGOR
That's right. As you can see, there's one taken at the end of every summer.

HOWIE
What happened to last year's picture?

There is a fractional but significant pause.

ALDER MACGREGOR
I'm afraid it got broke. We'll have to order another ... Willow, show the sergeant to the dining room. His food must be getting cold.

34 CONTD (4)

Willow comes through from behind the bar, leads the way through the crowd of silent drinkers to a room beyond. Howie follows slowly.

35 INT: DINING ROOM OF THE GREEN MAN INN - NIGHT

A close up of a dinner plate on which repose a lamb chop, four or five small, round, white, obviously tinned potatoes, and a soggy mass of artificially coloured equally obviously tinned broad beans. We pull back to see a disgusted Howie sitting alone in a small pub dining room. Standing beside him is an untidy maid, not as crucially concerned for her client's gastronomic happiness as she might be. Howie looks up to confront her shifty eyes.

HOWIE
Miss, the Farmhouse Soup was canned, and so are these potatoes and beans. Why?

MAID
Well I don't think they are, sir.

HOWIE
Don't lie, Miss. You know they are. Broad beans in their natural state are not turquoise. I simply want to know why.

MAID
Why what?

HOWIE
(patiently)
Why in late April on an island famous for its fruit and vegetable produce, I'm served canned vegetables. It's simply not good enough. Surely you must have some fresh?

MAID
(defiantly)
Well there aren't any, are there?

HOWIE
Don't be ridiculous. There must be.

MAID
Look, I just serve what I'm given.
(MORE)

35 CONTD

MAID (Contd)
If you don't like it, you'll have to talk to cook ... Will you be wanting any afters?

HOWIE
Well I suppose I can't go wrong with a Summer Isle apple!

MAID
No apples.

HOWIE
(astounded)
No apples?

MAID
(brightly)
I expect they're all exported. You can have prunes and custard.

Howie nods wearily and the Maid walks away towards the door leading to the kitchen. Howie expels a long breath compounded of irritation and wonder. A deeply thoughtful expression steals onto his face as we mix through to the next scene.

36 INT: THE BAR OF THE GREEN MAN - NIGHT

Howie enters the bar room and looks towards a corner of it where a crowd of drinkers has gathered in a semi-circle to watch something we can't see. They are making a great deal of noise, and many are making bets and shouting the odds. The camera tracks slowly in to the middle of the group so that we are able to see that a unique form of wrestling match is in progress between a huge muscled man, and a diminuitive man of not more than 112 pounds. Both antagonists are fairly drunk, and are being encouraged noisily by the onlookers. The small man is sitting on the floor with his knees drawn up and wide apart, with his arms around his thighs and locked under his knees. Coming towards him on hands and knees is the big man. Howie joins the group and turns for enlightenment to his neighbour.

HOWIE
What's going on?

ONLOOKER
Oh, it's all perfectly legal, don't you worry, sergeant. They've had
(MORE)

36 CONTD

ONLOOKER (Contd)
a falling out, d'ye see. But they can't fight because Alistair's so big and Duggald's so wee. So they've agreed to settle it this way.

The big man makes a sudden rush and forces his head forward between the smaller man's knees and into his locked hands. He starts to try to rise to a standing position. Howie looks on with great distaste.

HOWIE
What's he doing?

ONLOOKER
He's trying to lift him up from the floor on his neck. If he succeeds, he wins the argument -- that's if he doesn't break his neck in the process, mind.

HOWIE
What?

ONLOOKER
Oh, it can happen. Quite easily as a matter of fact. Both Tom and Jock Mcleod snuffed it that way, and they was both big buggers. Duggald's at least a hundred-weight to lift d'ye see -- and dead weight at that.

The contest continues with the big man nearly half way to his feet with the little man on his neck, but being forced down again, by the latter pressing his knees and his locked hands round the big man's neck. Howie seems at once attracted and repelled by the exhibition. He turns away abruptly and his eye falls on the bar room clock which shows 11:15. Immediately he detaches himself from the group round the wrestling and makes his way over to Alder MacGregor who is standing behind the bar.

HOWIE
It's past time, Landlord.

ALDER MACGREGOR
Not here, it isn't. We close when we think fit.

36 CONTD (2)

HOWIE
(aghast)
You do what?

ALDER MACGREGOR
The Licensing Laws don't run here, sergeant. This is Lord Summer Isle's private island. He's his own Justice of the Peace, and he makes his own rules.

HOWIE
You mean to say, you stay open all night?

ALDER MACGREGOR
Sometimes. It depends how we feel. His Lordship don't care -- as long as everyone turns up for work on time the next day, that is.

Howie stands there, outraged, debating his course of action. There is however nothing he can do, and slowly he realises it. He faces about and stalks out of the bar. Alder MacGregor pointedly draws himself a dram of clear Malt Whisky, so described on the bottle, and tosses it down.

37 EXT: THE GREEN MAN - NIGHT

Howie emerges from the Green Man looks about him for a moment, then starts to walk up towards the village green.

38 EXT: MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The camera pans Howie up the street to the fringe of the Green. The night is alive with the ecstatic moans and sighs of unseen love making couples which we don't immediately recognize for what they are. The sounds fuse and grow, to make the human equivalent of a murmur of bees. Howie looks about him wildly, but sees nothing.

39 EXT: THE GREEN - NIGHT

Howie steps cautiously onto the green and starts to walk. There is a sudden silence. After a few paces he stumbles and looks down to see he has tripped over

39 CONTD

a love making couple, lying on the grass. The moon slides out of the clouds and peering about him, he realises that the grass all around him is strewn with couples, and it is from them that the noise has been coming. It's as if the whole village green has become a mating ground. But now everybody has stopped making love, and is looking at him, with the same inquisitiveness of a herd of cows disturbed in the middle of the night. He turns and half walks half runs back across the green and down the main street towards the Green Man.

40 INT: THE PASSAGE OUTSIDE BAR OF THE GREEN MAN - NIGHT

Howie hurries in from the street and pauses to collect himself. He is sweating slightly and is a little dishvelled. The noise from the bar reaches a sudden crescendo, and as if in answer to it, he automatically opens the door and looks in.

41 INT: BAR OF GREEN MAN - NIGHT
HOWIE'S P.O.V.

The huge Scot, Alistair, is slowly rising to his full height literally wearing the little man on his neck. The circle of drinkers cheer and applaud wildly. The giant begins a circuit of the bar executing as he does so some intricate Scottish dance steps.

42 INT: THE PASSAGE OUTSIDE THE BAR OF THE GREEN MAN - NIGHT

Howie hastily closes the door of the bar, and makes his way up the stairs to his bedroom.

Mix through to the next scene.

43 INT: HOWIE'S BEDROOM - THE GREEN MAN - NIGHT

Howie lies in bed, uneasily watching the moon moving in and out of the tossing clouds. From the bar parlour below him snatches of song drift upwards to him. He finds such words as he catches distasteful.

CHORUS (VOICES OVER)
I put my hand all on her knee
She says to me do you want to see?

I put my hand all on her thigh
She says to me do you want to try?

43 CONTD

CHORUS (VOICES OVER) (Contd)
I put my hand all on her belly
She says to me do you want to fill'ee?

I put my hand all on her breast
She says to me do you want a kiss?

I put my hand all on her head
She says you want my maidenhead.

There is a roar from the bar at the end of the song, and a sudden silence. In it Howie becomes aware of a noise outside in the back garden. He rises and cautiously looks out.

44 EXT: THE BACK GARDEN OF THE GREEN MAN - NIGHT

The backgarden of the inn from Howie's point of view. We see a very tall, dark man of about forty-five standing in the moonlight looking up at the bedroom window next to Howie's. He wears a kilt and a ruffled dress shirt open at the neck. This is Lord Summerisle. In his hands he holds a willow sapling and a dress dagger. With the former he taps on the window he is looking at, and it is this sound that Howie has heard. Next to Lord Summerisle stands a youth of about fourteen, who also looks up at the window, though somewhat apprehensively. Howie cranes forward as the window next to his creaks open.

45 EXT: THE REAR ELEVATION OF THE GREEN MAN INN - NIGHT

Looking towards the back of the pub we can clearly see the occupants of the two windows standing next to each other in their respective rooms. In the left hand window, looking to his left is Sergeant Howie. In the right hand window stands Willow MacGregor, leaning languidly outwards to let her opulent breasts rest on the window sill. The camera cuts in close on Willow, then pans along to a close up of Howie's scandalised face.

46 EXT: THE BACK GARDEN OF THE GREEN MAN - NIGHT

Lord Summerisle passes his willow sapling and dagger to the youth, who starts rhythmically to chop off all the branches, until the sapling is stripped. The youth then moves forward and plants it firmly, questioningly under Willow's window.

46 CONTD

LORD SUMMERISLE
Willow MacGregor, I have the honour to present to you Ash Buchannan.

WILLOW
Come up, Ash Buchannan.

Ash Buchannan walks to the back door of the Inn and disappears inside, leaving Willow and Lord Summerisle facing each other.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Another sacrifice for Aphrodite, Willow.

WILLOW
You flatter me, your Lordship. Surely you mean to Aphrodite.

LORD SUMMERISLE
I make no such distinction. You are the Goddess of Love in human form, and I merely your humble acolyte.

He bows. She blows him a kiss.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Enjoy yourself, and him. Only make sure you're ready for tomorrow's tomorrow.

WILLOW
(breathless)
The day of death and resurrection ... ?

LORD SUMMERISLE
Yes. And of a somewhat more serious offering than tonight's.

He turns and sweeps away into the moonlight. We hear the noise of footsteps and then Willow's door opening and closing. Willow, seen from Howie's POV, disappears from the window.

47 INT: HOWIE'S BEDROOM - THE GREEN MAN - NIGHT

Howie goes thoughtfully back to his bed. We watch his face as he listens to Willow greet Ash Buchannan. The walls are very thin, and the windows are open, so that every sound of the encounter is clearly audible. As it

47 CONTD

increases in intensity and the noises become more animal, the sergeant starts to squirm and sweat with embarrassment. Finally he raises his hands and hangs on to the brass bedrail as if his life depended on it. A long cry of ecstasy during which Howie covers his ears brings the scene to a fade out close.

48 EXT: THE GREEN MAN - MAIN STREET - MORNING

Willow is standing on a bench polishing the bar window in the early morning sunshine as Howie looking unrested emerges from the doorway of the inn and stands blinking.

WILLOW
Good morning, sergeant. Isn't it glorious?

HOWIE
Very nice, Miss.

WILLOW
I expect you'll be going back home tonight?

HOWIE
That depends. Where's the village school please?

WILLOW
On the far side of the green.

She points up the steep rise of the hill. Howie looks briefly.

49 EXT: MAIN STREET LEADING TO GREEN - MORNING

We see the beginning of the Green from Howie's POV. It appears to be deserted.

WILLOW (VOICE OVER)
It's the white building. You can't miss it.

50 EXT: GREEN MAN - MAIN STREET - MORNING

Howie slides past Willow as she steps down from the bench.

HOWIE
Thank you, Miss. Er, what's happening here on tomorrow's tomorrow?

50 CONTD

WILLOW
(innocently)
That's a funny way to put it. Do you mean the day after tomorrow?

HOWIE
Yes, I suppose so. I thought the other was a local expression.

WILLOW
How quaint.

She moves towards the door of the inn without answering him.

HOWIE
Well?

WILLOW
Now let me see. The day after tomorrow will be May the second ... Nothing as far as I know.

She smiles demurely at him and starts to go through the doorway. Howie turns away then swings back.

HOWIE
I mean tomorrow. What's happening here tomorrow?

The doorway is empty. He half makes a move to follow her, then shrugs and starts up the hill.

51 EXT: THE MAIN STREET - MORNING

The camera pans Howie up to the fringe of the green as it did the night before. But this time all is openess and light. Some of the passing villagers even offer him friendly "Good mornings" and "Nice days" as he walks, and he is induced to respond with a cautious nod or half gesture of hand. But at the top of the hill, where the land levels out to make the Green, he halts suddenly, as the sound of cheering comes to him.

52 EXT: THE GREEN - MORNING

From Howie's POV we see that in the middle of the green, a large group of school boys have just finished erecting a huge Maypole. It is a thirty foot, freshly cut spruce tree, and its branches lie neatly stacked

52 CONTD

nearby. We are just in time to see "the crowning of the pole". As we look a huge wreath of laurel is being lowered over the top of the spruce so that it hangs freely about four feet from the top and is attached by long streamers which, after being fastened to the wreath, hang down to the ground. A youth who has climbed the pole with the aid of a stout leather belt is effecting the final adjustments. As he climbs down there is a great cheer, and the schoolmaster who is in charge of the group leads them in song. We cut back to see Howie approach the group as they sing, slowly circling the Maypole.

BOYS
(singing)
In the Summerisle woods there growed a tree,
And a very fine tree was he.
And on that tree there was a limb
And on that limb there was a branch
And on that branch there was a spray
And on that spray there was a nest
And in that nest there was an egg
And in that egg there was a bird
And on that bird there was a feather ...

Howie walks past the chanting group, noting that the boys are well dressed, happy looking youngsters who are obviously having fun doing something which to them is a familiar ritual. He makes for the white school building behind them, on the far side of the green.

53 EXT: SCHOOLHOUSE - MORNING

The school building is the typical Highland schoolhouse with two entrances -- one for boys and one for girls, and two schoolrooms, back to back, looking out over a common playground which in this case faces the green. Howie, having passed the empty boys' classroom, finds his attention directed to the open window of the girls' classroom. He is obviously fearful that they are overhearing what the boys, dimly seen in the background, are singing on the green.

BOYS
(singing)
And of that feather there was a bed
And on that bed there lay a girl
And on that girl there was a man

54 INT: GIRLS' SCHOOLROOM - MORNING

We see a close up of the girls through the open window.

54 CONTD

They sit at their desks absorbed in the song. Their teacher is a handsome lady of about 35.

BOYS (VOICES OVER)
(singing)
And from that man there came a baby
And from that baby there grew a boy
And then that boy planted an acorn
And from that acorn grew a tree ...

55 EXT: THE GREEN - MORNING

The tempo of the song has speeded up, and we cut back to the village green to see the boys now whirling round the Maypole chanting.

BOYS
(singing)
And the tree grew in the Summerisle wood
In the Summerisle wood, in the Summerisle wood
And the tree growed in the Summerisle wood
In the Summerisle wood, in the Summerisle wood
And the tree growed in the Summerisle wood
In the Summerisle wood, in the Summerisle wood
And the tree growed in the Summerisle wood
In the Summerisle wood!

56 EXT: SCHOOLHOUSE - MORNING

Howie stands rooted to the spot, unable to believe the evidence of his ears or his eyes. When the song ends, neither the girls nor their schoolmistress have noticed him standing in the playground, underneath their window.

57 INT: GIRLS' SCHOOLROOM - MORNING

This time we have cut inside the classroom to see the schoolmistress call for the girls' attention.

MISS ROSE
Now that's enough, girls! It's time to pay attention to me. Daisy, will you tell us please what the maypole represents?

Daisy sits there not embarrassed but just looking blank. Around her grows a chorus of "Please Miss Rose ... ", "I know, etc." as some of the other girls hold their hands up and otherwise jump up and down in order to attract attention to themselves.

57 CONTD

MISS ROSE
Really Daisy, I've told you often enough. Anyone?

CHORUS OF CHILDREN
Phallic Symbol! Phallic Symbol!

MISS ROSE
Quite right. It is the image of the penis which is venerated in religious systems such as ours, as symbolizing generative power in nature.

The door of the classroom is thrown violently open and Sergeant Howie stands in the doorway, glaring with disgust at Miss Rose.

HOWIE
(shouting)
Filth! Absolute filth!

He strides into the room and up onto the dais where the frightened teacher is standing.

MISS ROSE
How dare you come in here, shouting, and frightening my children. Who are you?

HOWIE
I'm a Police Officer from the mainland, Miss, and you can be very sure I shall report this to the proper authorities.

MISS ROSE
Report what may I ask?

HOWIE
This abomination I've heard today. Everywhere I go on this island I find degeneracy -- brawling in the bars, indecency in public places, corruption of the young, and now I know where it all stems from -- the filth taught here in this schoolroom.

MISS ROSE
I was unaware that the police had any authority on matters of education.

57 CONTD (2)

HOWIE
Maybe not. But we work closely with those who do. And as I say, this will not go unreported.

MISS ROSE
Is that why you came here today? To snoop?

HOWIE
No it was not, Miss. And let me make it plain. I do not snoop. I investigate.

MISS ROSE
May one know, without too much self-important mystery making, what it is you have come here to investigate?

HOWIE
I've come to find a missing girl -- a girl whom everyone says never existed.

MISS ROSE
How quixotic of you.

HOWIE
Quixotic?

MISS ROSE
From Don Quixote -- an enthusiastic visionary, a pursuer of lofty but impracticable ideals.

HOWIE
Also a man of honour, I believe.

MISS ROSE
Which did not prevent him from continually making a fool of himself.

HOWIE
We shall see about that.

He turns to the class of girls.

HOWIE
Girls, I want your attention please.
(MORE)

57 CONTD (3)

HOWIE (Contd)
As you heard me tell your schoolmistress, I am a police officer from the mainland who has come over here to investigate the disappearance of a young girl. This is her photograph which I will ask you to pass round the classroom while I am writing her name on the blackboard.

He produces the photograph of Rowan Morrison which he hands to the nearest girl. After a two or three seconds she shakes her head and passes it to the next girl. Whilst it is going from desk to desk round the room, Howie turns to the blackboard and prepares to write, when he sees what is already written there.

"The Cock-Knee Stone preserves the pith of the milk.
The Snail Stone preserves the eyes from the darkness.
The Toad Stone preserves the newly born from the weird woman.
The Hag Stone preserves people from nightmare."

Impatiently, he rubs it off, and writes in bold lettering the name: ROWAN MORRISON. AGE 12-13.

HOWIE
That's her name. Rowan Morrison. Do any of you recognise the name or the photograph?

There is complete silence. The photograph is passed back to the first girl who hands it up to Howie. Still staring at the class, he puts it away.

MISS ROSE
You have your answer. If she existed we would know of her. Now please go away.

Howie continues to stare at the class. His eye is attracted to the one empty desk in the room. He crosses to it.

HOWIE
Whose desk is this?

MISS ROSE
No one's.

He opens the desk. Inside it is quite empty except that

57 CONTD (4)

in the middle there is a nail driven into the wood. Attached to the nail by a thread is a black beetle. The thread, about four inches long is already wound several times around the nail. Daisy sitting next to the empty desk leans over and explains to Howie.

DAISY
The little old beetles goes round and round -- always the same way, you see, until at the end he's tied right up tight to the nail -- poor old thing.

HOWIE
Poor old thing! Then in God's name why do you do it?

He slams the desk shut and walks back up to the dais.

HOWIE
I'd like to see the school register please.

MISS ROSE
Do you have Lord Summerisle's authority?

HOWIE
You seem to forget, this is a police matter.

MISS ROSE
I'm afraid you will still need a search warrant, or permission from ...

Howie ignores her, and suddenly throws open the top of the teacher's desk. Inside is the school register which he lifts out.

MISS ROSE
(outraged)
Well ... ! Just you put that back ... Right now, if you please.

HOWIE
I'm sorry, Miss. You'll have to bear with me.

Howie looks down the list and we see an insert of the page headed "Spring Term". He runs his finger down a list of girls, the Christian names in each case being

57 CONTD (5)

those of a tree or flower, but there is no Rowan Morrison. He turns back to the previous page and finds it headed "Belthane Term". Again he traces his finger down the list, but this time it stops half way down. We cut into an extreme close up of the page to read, crossed out but still legible, the name of ROWAN MORRISON. Howie looks up at the silent class in a fury.

HOWIE
You despicable little liars! Rowan Morrison is a school mate of yours. Isn't she? She attends this class. That's her desk. Isn't it?

The class remains silent avoiding his raking gaze.

MISS ROSE
I think you ought to know ...

HOWIE
And you're the biggest liar of them all. I warn you, if you tell me one more lie, I'll have you inside for obstruction. And that's a promise, Miss. Now, for the last time, where is this girl?

MISS ROSE
I will have to speak to you outside.

HOWIE
Alright.

MISS ROSE
Children, get on with your reading for the next few minutes -- The Rites and Rituals of May-day, Chapter Five. I won't be long.

She leads him firmly out of the classroom.

58 EXT: PLAYGROUND - DAY

Miss Rose and Howie come out of the school building and face each other in the playground. In the background, the boys are streaming back from the village green towards their classroom.

58 CONTD

HOWIE
Well?

MISS ROSE
You don't understand. No one was lying to you. I told you plainly, that if Rowan Morrison existed we would know of her.

HOWIE
You mean that she doesn't exist -- that she is dead.

MISS ROSE
You would say so.

HOWIE
No hocus, Miss, if you please. Either she's dead or she isn't.

MISS ROSE
We never use the word dead here. You see we believe that after the human life is over, the soul lives on -- in air, in the trees, in animals, in fire, in water -- so that Rowan Morrison for example has simply rejoined the life force in another form.

HOWIE
Do you honestly mean to say you teach the children this stuff?

MISS ROSE
Of course. I told you. It is what we believe.

HOWIE
And you teach them nothing of Jesus Christ?

MISS ROSE
Only as a comparative religion. I'm afraid they find reincarnation far easier to picture than resurrection. Those rotting bodies have always been such a stumbling stone to the childish imagination ...

HOWIE
And where, may I ask, is Rowan Morrison's rotting body?

58 CONTD (2)

MISS ROSE
Where you would expect it to be. In the earth.

HOWIE
In the churchyard?

MISS ROSE
In a manner of speaking.

HOWIE
I told you. Cut the hocus.

MISS ROSE
I mean precisely what I say. The building attached to the ground in which the body lies is no longer used for public Christian worship so whether that still makes it a church or the ground a churchyard is debatable. Now, if you'll forgive me, I must get back to my class. Good morning officer.

A baffled Howie watches Miss Rose march back to the school building and disappear inside it. He then turns and walks away from us towards the green and a distant Church which stands at the far end of it.

59 EXT: SUMMERISLE CHURCHYARD - DAY

Howie comes off the far end of the green, and stands at the Lychgate looking at the church and graveyard. The Church itself is the usual plain stone building to be found on the islands, though somewhat larger and considerably more run down. The grave stones nearest to us have celtic crosses cut into them. He opens the gate and steps into the graveyard. The camera pans with him over the graves. Many carry elaborate Druidic symbols and epitaphs a couple of which we stop to read. The first one has the following inscription under the name and dates of life and death which are mostly concealed by ivy, "Deliver me from the wildly roaming, supernatural woman who took my head, mine ear and my life's career from me". The second grave carries the epitaph, "Here lieth Beech Buchannan, protected by the ejaculation of serpents". Other more recent graves are planted in pairs with a wooden hoop joining them. Roses and other climbers

59 CONTD

have been planted in each grave and grow together and intertwine on the hoop. Howie wanders about in the graveyard for a while, peering here and there. Suddenly he stops and looks closely at a fresh grave of somewhat less than adult size which has been dug against the graveyard wall. A young Rowan tree a couple of feet high is growing from it, and attached to the tree is a reddish piece of what looks like dried, stringy skin. He is just about to stoop down to examine it, when he suddenly becomes aware that he is being watched. The perfectly still figure of an old gardener stands in the shadow of an old yew tree which has been clipped to resemble the fearful face of the British Sun God. He carries a pair of shears. Both God and man stare unblinkingly at Howie.

HOWIE
Good morning.

OLD GARDENER
Morning.

Howie points to the little tree.

HOWIE
What tree is that?

Slowly the gardener detaches himself from the shadow of the yew tree and approaches the small grave.

OLD GARDENER
It's a Rowan.

HOWIE
Who lies there?

OLD GARDENER
Rowan Morrison.

HOWIE
How long has she been dea ... there?

OLD GARDENER
Seven or eight months. They're a mite late with the headstone.

Howie bends down and examines the stringy bit of flesh.

HOWIE
What's this? It looks like ... skin.

59 CONTD (2)

OLD GARDENER
Why, so it is.

The gardener turns away and walks off. Howie rises, his face taut, and strides after him.

HOWIE
But what is it?

OLD GARDENER
The poor lassie's navel string, of course. Where else should it be, but hung on her own little tree.

Howie is dumbfounded once again. The two men look at each other, the older man solicitous, the younger man baffled.

HOWIE
(in a rage)
Who's your parish priest?

OLD GARDENER
Priest?

The gardener smiles gently and walks away, slowly shaking his head. Howie watches him, greatly distressed.

HOWIE
(to himself)
Good God!

60 EXT: MAIN ENTRANCE TO CHURCH - DAY

Howie walks round the corner of the church to the main door, and with some difficulty, throws it open. His eyes open wide in amazement at what he sees.

61 INT: THE CHURCH - DAY

At first sight it is obvious that it has not been used as a church for years. The floor is littered with rotting vegetables and fruit. Some old pews are piled up in a corner. Howie enters the church and walks over to the sanctuary where the bare altar still stands. We recognise it at once from the harvest festival photographs. A young woman sits astride the sanctuary step, her legs open, and a baby at her breast. In her open left hand there lies an egg. Howie looks at her in amazement, then quickly looks away. He sees there is

61 CONTD

no crucifix in front of the whitewashed wall beneath the east window, only a huge enamel receptacle for flowers obviously for use at the harvest festival. Howie stands looking up for a moment at the Gothic window, then undoing his collar and taking the crucifix from around his own neck, he drapes it round the vase, crosses himself, genuflects, and leaves the church. He does not look at the woman weaning her child, nor does she show any sign of noticing him.

62 EXT: THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE CHURCH - DAY

Howie comes out of the church and slams the door behind him. He disappears round the side of the church towards the Lychgate.

63 EXT: GRAVEYARD OF CHURCH LOOKING TOWARDS LYCHGATE - DAY

Howie comes into shot walking towards the Lychgate. The sound of a spade digging in the earth behind the Sun God yew tree captures his attention. He walks towards it and passes out of sight behind it.

64 EXT· DEEP OPEN GRAVE BEHIND YEW TREE - DAY

Howie discovers the old gardener digging a grave. It is already at least nine foot deep.

HOWIE
So you're the grave digger as well as the gardener?

The old man stops digging and looks up surprised.

OLD GARDENER
I keep it tidy and dig when it's wanted.

HOWIE
That's a bit more than the traditional six feet isn't it?

OLD GARDENER
Got to dig 'em deep otherwise they'd be at 'em.

HOWIE
Who would?

OLD GARDENER
Those who need the Hand of Glory, for a start.

64 CONTD

HOWIE
What?

OLD GARDENER
You know, to make people sleep. Grave earth for a light sleep -- Hand of Glory for a deep 'un. I don't mind 'em taking a bit of earth -- that don't make no extra work -- but the other's something else.

HOWIE
What exactly is the Hand of Glory?

OLD GARDENER
Don't you ever stop asking questions?

The old man turns back to his digging.

HOWIE
(annoyed)
It's my job to ask questions.

The gardener continues to dig, unperturbed.

HOWIE
Look, I'm a police officer, and when I ask them I expect answers.

The gardener pauses briefly in his work.

OLD GARDENER
There are some answers you wouldn't understand. Go home. You've found what you came looking for.

He goes back to work, completely ignoring the fuming Howie who continues to stare down at him.

HOWIE
I'm not so sure of that. And seeing you like digging so much, old man, I think I can get you some extra employment, pretty soon.

Howie storms away towards the Lychgate hidden by the yew tree. The old man turns, spits and goes back to work.

65 INT: MRS. MORRISON'S PARLOUR - DAY

The scene opens on an extreme close up of Myrtle's open mouth. We ease back to see the child has been crying. A hand holding a frog comes into frame and pops the frog into the open mouth.

MRS. MORRISON (VOICE OVER)
What a silly child you are to be sure, making all this fuss. It's just a little frog. Anyone would think you didn't want to get better. Now in he goes ...

The frog is removed and Myrtle closes her mouth and starts to whimper.

MRS. MORRISON (VOICE OVER)
... and out he comes, and it's all over. There, that didn't hurt, did it? Now you can have a sweetie.

We cut back to see Mrs. Morrison move away from Myrtle, who is seated in an easy chair, towards the table on which stands a transparent plastic biscuit box pierced with holes. She pops the frog into it, and replaces the lid as the shop bell jangles.

66 INT: MRS. MORRISON'S SWEET SHOP - DAY

Sergeant Howie enters as Mrs. Morrison bustles in from the parlour. She starts to unscrew a large jar of "gobstoppers".

MRS. MORRISON
Come in for some sweeties, sergeant?

HOWIE
Don't try me, Mrs. Morrison. I've just come from the graveyard.

MRS. MORRISON
Oh dear, and we've been so remiss about the headstone. I hope poor Rowan will forgive us, wherever she is.

HOWIE
Mrs. Morrison, why did you tell me that Myrtle is an only child?

MRS. MORRISON
She is. Rowan isn't my child any more.

66 CONTD

HOWIE
(angrily)
I suppose you're going to tell me her soul lives on in a bush or an animal.

MRS. MORRISON
Of course it does. But as I say she's not my daughter any longer. She's something else. Excuse me I've got to take this sweet to Myrtle.

Mrs. Morrison screws up the gobstopper jar and carrying a huge one, she makes her way behind the counter to the door leading to the parlour. Howie follows.

67 INT: MRS. MORRISON'S PARLOUR - DAY

Myrtle is crouching near the transparent biscuit box containing the frog as Mrs. Morrison enters followed by Howie.

MYRTLE
I didn't like that frog in my mouth, mummy. It tasted horrid.

MRS. MORRISON
I know, dear, but it's all over now. Here's your sweetie for being a brave girl.

Mrs. Morrison gives Myrtle the gobstopper which the latter takes greedily. Howie once again can scarcely believe his ears, as his eyes fall on the frog to which Mrs. Morrison is pointing.

MRS. MORRISON
He's got your horrid old sore throat now, hasn't he, poor creature? Can't you hear him croaking?

The frog croaks mournfully as Myrtle goes to work on the enormous sweet in her mouth. Mrs. Morrison notices Howie standing in the doorway.

MRS. MORRISON
Anything I can do for you, sergeant?

67 CONTD

HOWIE
I doubt it, seeing you're all raving mad but there is just one thing I'd like to know. Where is Rowan Morrison's death certificate?

MRS. MORRISON
Doctor Ewan would have it most likely. Why don't you talk to him. He only lives over the street, next to the chemist.

Howie closes the door behind him without a word. The frog croaks again.

68 EXT: CHEMIST SHOP AND DOCTOR'S RESIDENCE - DAY

The scene starts with the distorted face of Howie seen reflected in the brass plate of Doctor Ewan. He has obviously been standing there some time, and as the shot widens he rings the bell above the plate again. The door of the chemist's shop opens, and its dessicated proprietor emerges.

LENNOX
He's out on his rounds till lunch time I'm afraid. Perhaps I could take a message or assist in some way?

Howie looks at the chemist, then up at the name above his shop which in a close shot insert we read as T. H. Lennox.

HOWIE
You are Mr. Lennox, the photographer?

LENNOX
I am firstly a chemist; secondly a photographer; and thirdly a purveyor of thermos flasks and hotties.

HOWIE
Hotties?

LENNOX
Hot water bottles. More efficacious than most of Doctor Ewan's specifics, believe me. Do you want your photograph taken?

68 CONTD

HOWIE
No thank you, but I would like a word.

LENNOX
Come inside then.

Lennox leads the way into the shop. Howie follows him but his attention is arrested by what he sees in the shop window.

69 INSERT - INT: SHOP WINDOW OF CHEMIST'S SHOP - DAY

A panning shot of the window reveals it is full of jars containing bizarre objects like leeches and fillets of snake, omen sticks, and strips of "witches mummy" -- looking like exactly what it is, dessicated corpse-flesh. Nearest camera is a glass container of fore-skins, slightly bloodstained and packed tight together. Everything is clearly labelled.

70 EXT: CHEMIST'S SHOP - DAY

Howie's capacity for incredulity is again strained almost to its upmost, as he backs away from the window up the stairs into the shop.

HOWIE
Foreskins? How do you get foreskins?

LENNOX
Circumcicison. How else? I pay Ewan a reasonable price for them.

HOWIE
But what for?

LENNOX
If ritually burnt they bring the rain. But of course, up here, there's very little call for them.

He goes into his shop, followed by the mystified Howie.

71 INT: CHEMIST'S SHOP - DAY

The shop is an odd jumble of the modern and the medi-eval. It's as if a chain store like "Boots" has joined forces with a 16th century alchemist.

71 CONTD

Lennox comes through the door and goes behind his counter. Howie follows.

LENNOX
Now, how can I help you?

Howie, dazed by what he has seen, and the chemist's bizarre explanation, struggles to put his thoughts in order.

HOWIE
You take the Harvest Festival photographs every autumn, don't you? The ones I saw in The Green Man?

LENNOX
Yes. It's rather humdrum work I'm afraid. Though mind you, I do think the one about ten years ago that's slightly fogged, is just about the most literal realisation of "the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" that could be contrived. Don't you?

HOWIE
What happened to last year's picture?

LENNOX
Isn't it there with the others?

HOWIE
No. Apparently it got broken, or in some way destroyed.

LENNOX
What a pity.

HOWIE
Yes. Would you have a copy of it?

LENNOX
Oh no. I don't keep copies. I've got the negative of course and I could have one printed up for you if you like.

HOWIE
Thank you. Yes, I should like
(MORE)

71 CONTD (2)

HOWIE (Contd)
that. I've never seen pictures quite like them before.

LENNOX
No? ... Well perhaps they are rather special.

The chemist turns away, assuming the conversation is ended.

HOWIE
There's just one more thing.

LENNOX
Yes?

HOWIE
Can you remember who the girl was in the Harvest Festival last year?

Slowly Lennox turns back to the detective, shaking his head.

LENNOX
I've taken so many.

HOWIE
Could it have been Rowan Morrison?

The eyes of the two men lock.

LENNOX
I'm sorry. I get so confused with all the different names.

He shrugs apologetically and looks evasively away. Howie drags his photograph of Rowan Morrison out of his pocket and thrusts it under Lennox's nose.

HOWIE
This girl. Was it this girl?

LENNOX
It's difficult to say. Why don't we consult the picture and avoid the tricks of memory.

HOWIE
It was only eight months ago. Surely you can remember whether or not ...

71 CONTD (3)

LENNOX
There's Doctor Ewan now ... If I were you I'd get him before he starts his lunch. He's very particular about the times of his meals.

Howie turns to look out of the window.

72 EXT: CHEMIST SHOP/DOCTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Doctor Ewan gets off his ancient motor bicycle and makes his way towards his house. He is a very typical country doctor, middle aged and greying, with his plump figure more than adequately filling his creased tweed suit. He carries the usual black bag. Howie runs out of the chemist's shop to intercept him.

HOWIE
Doctor Ewan?

EWAN
Yes?

HOWIE
I'm a police officer, and I'd like a word with you.

EWAN
Before lunch?

HOWIE
Yes. Now, if you don't mind.

EWAN
But I do. Come back at two thirty.

HOWIE
I don't think you can have heard me. I said I was a police officer.

EWAN
(sniffing the air)
On second thoughts as it seems to be braised oxtail, you'd better make it three o'clock. The old digestion takes a bit longer to work these days then it used to.

He passes on towards his front door. Howie yells after him.

72 CONTD

HOWIE
Doctor Ewan, did you sign Rowan Morrison's death certificate?

The doctor stops in his tracks.

EWAN
Rowan Morrison? ... Yes I did ... Why?

HOWIE
Can I see it?

EWAN
Did you say you were a police officer?

HOWIE
Twice.

EWAN
Then you should know that death certificates are kept in the public records office. Now if you'll excuse me.

The doctor opens his front door and half disappears inside it.

HOWIE
One more thing, Doctor. How did Rowan die?

EWAN
She was burnt to death -- as my lunch will be if I continue to stand here talking to you.

The doctor slams the door of his house. Lennox emerges from the chemist's shop.

LENNOX
I told you he was particular about meal times.

HOWIE
And I am particular about truth, Mr. Lennox. Not half truth or evaded truth, but, in so far as it can be achieved, unadulterated truth.

72 CONTD (2)

LENNOX
Did I hear you tell Doctor Ewan that you were a police officer?

HOWIE
You did.

LENNOX
I thought so ... Truth is a very laudable objective.

HOWIE
I'm glad you think so.

LENNOX
Oh I do indeed ... Well I must go and have my lunch, too ... though it's nothing as rich as braised oxtail, I'm afraid. Just a little cold tongue and pickles.

HOWIE
Mr. Lennox, did you come bustling out here, just to tell me about your lunch menu?

LENNOX
Oh no, of course not. I just wanted to tell you that I'd managed to have a quick look for the negative of that Harvest Festival picture you wanted, but I couldn't seem to find it ... I'll keep looking, of course.

Lennox gives Howie a guileless stare and skipping into his shop, closes the door, and pulls down the blind. Howie turns stonily away, and starts to walk down the High Street.

73 EXT: A TURNING INTO THE MAIN STREET - DAY

Howie comes to a corner and pauses, his eye is caught by a puppet doll which floats rapidly down the stream which runs alongside the high street. High treble children's voices accompany the puppet's progress through the village.

CHILDREN (VOICES OFF)
(singing)
We carry death out of the village.
We carry summer into the village.

73 Suddenly a group of half a dozen children march round the corner, bearing aloft a new tree cutting to which is fastened another puppet clothed in white.

CHILDREN
(singing)
We carry death out of the village.
We carry summer into the village.

The children sweep past Howie and head down the high street in pursuit of the floating puppet.

CHILDREN
(singing)
We carry death out of the village.
We carry summer into the village.

Howie runs after them.

HOWIE
Just a moment please ... just a moment.

The singing trails off.

HOWIE
I wonder if any of you kids could tell me where the public records office is.

The children look at each other blankly. Most shake their heads.

1st CHILD
Dunno.

2nd CHILD
Dunno mister.

3rd CHILD
Public what?

HOWIE
The public records office.

4th CHILD
It's in the library, isn't it?

5th CHILD
Yeah. That's right.

HOWIE
And where's the library?

73 CONTD (2)

4th CHILD
Over there.

The child points across the street, and then the group goes off singing as before.

CHILDREN
(singing)
We carry death out of the village.
We carry summer into the village.

Their voices die away down the high street as Howie crosses the road and walks towards the library.

74 INT: HALLWAY PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Howie comes up the stairs into the hallway of the library. On each side of it is a door. One says Public Records Office. The other says Public Library. In the middle between them, sits the librarian behind her desk, eating a frugal lunch of tinned cling peaches. Howie approaches her.

HOWIE
The Public Records Office, please.

LIBRARIAN
Do you have authority to use it?

Howie shows his police card.

LIBRARIAN
I meant from his Lordship.

HOWIE
I don't need it.

LIBRARIAN
I'm afraid that you will have to get permission from ...

HOWIE
(explosively)
If you don't let me in that office, you'll be in a cell on the mainland tonight. Is that clear?

The Librarian realises he means what he says. Frightened, she rises to her feet and taking a key from a nail behind her, comes out from behind the desk and leads the way over to the door marked Public Records Office. She unlocks it, and stands aside as Howie strides into the room.

75 INT: PUBLIC RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

The Librarian stands in the doorway as Howie looks about him at the rows of filing cabinets which fill the bleak room.

HOWIE
Death Certificates?

Wordlessly the Librarian points to the relevant cabinets. Howie walks down them till he comes to the letter M. The camera cuts to a close up as he fingers through the Ms until he comes to two marked Morrison. One is for Benjamin Morrison died aged ninety-eight. The other is for Rachel Morrison died aged ninety-six.

HOWIE
Did you know Benjamin and Rachel Morrison?

LIBRARIAN
Yes. They had the cottage up by the windmill. They both died last year within a few days of each other.

HOWIE
They had names from the Bible -- Benjamin and Rachel.

LIBRARIAN
Yes. They were very old.

Howie looks at the Librarian thoughtfully. Then slips the cards back in the file.

HOWIE
(to himself)
But no death certificate for Rowan Morrison.
(aloud)
Did you know Rowan Morrison when she was alive?

LIBRARIAN
Yes. Of course.

Howie slams the file cabinet and crosses to stand by the Librarian who cowers away from him. He shows her his photograph.

HOWIE
Is that her?

75 CONTD

The Librarian studies it carefully.

LIBRARIAN
Yes, that's her.

HOWIE
How did she die?

LIBRARIAN
I don't know.

She flinches away from Howie's gaze.

LIBRARIAN
(shrilly)
I don't know anything about her.

Howie walks slowly out of the Public Records Office.

76 INT: HALLWAY OF LIBRARY - DAY

The flustered Librarian locks up the Public Records Office, and ignoring Howie's gaze, walks back to her desk, and her cling peaches. Howie turns and pushes open the door marked Public Library and goes inside.

77 INT: PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

The library is deserted, except for an old man reading at one of the tables. Howie goes over to one of the bookshelves on which stand the Encyclopedias, and selects the one containing the letter H. He then sits down and opens the book, flipping through it till he finds Harvest Festival. A close up insert shows us what he is reading. The camera then studies Howie's increasingly horrified face as we listen to his thought voice telling us what he is reading.

HOWIE (THOUGHT VOICE)
In societies as disparate as ancient Egypt and pre-Colombian Incan, the Harvest Festival was strangely enough celebrated in much the same way. A young virgin was chosen to personify the Goddess of Fertility. She was made much of by the whole community and was dressed in the clothes and adornments sacred to the deity. The whole community attended the feast in the temple where the fruit and
(MORE)

77 CONTD

HOWIE (THOUGHT VOICE) (Contd)
vegetables and grain were piled high. On a platform, above the heaped produce, the child stood, worshipped by the multitude. At a predetermined point in the ceremony, the priests would seize her, fling her down, and cut her throat, allowing the blood to saturate the produce and mark the walls of the temple. The chief priest then skinned the child, and wearing the still warm skin like a mantle, led the rejoicing crowd through the streets. The priest thus represented the Goddess reborn and guaranteed another successful harvest next year ...

HOWIE
(aloud)
Dear God! Even these people can't be that mad!

The old man looks up from his reading.

OLD MAN
Ssh!

Howie gives him a sour look and continues with his reading.

HOWIE (THOUGHT VOICE)
In Europe on the other hand, the young virgin was usually burnt, together with the abundant produce in a huge sacrifical bonfire ...

HOWIE
(aloud)
Burnt!

The old man glares at Howie.

OLD MAN
Ssh!

Howie rises unsteadily and with some noise and to continued disapproval from the old man, replaces the encyclopedia on the shelf, and tiptoes from the library, an appalled man.

78 EXT: THE HIGH STREET OUTSIDE THE GREEN MAN - DAY

A pony and trap are standing in the road outside the pub. A youngish, weather-beaten "Gillie" stands beside it, wrestling a couple of casks of beer into place. Howie is standing talking to him.

GILLIE
Aye. I'll take you up with me to the castle if you like. This beer is for his Lordship.

HOWIE
I'd appreciate that. Is it far?

GILLIE
It's up through the Mistletoe Woods. It won't take a half hour.

Howie climbs aboard the trap followed by the Gillie, and they set off.

79 EXT: COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The cart moves through the countryside. As before, orchards line the route. Howie looking about him, notes a couple of girls walking amongst the fruit trees touching them ritualistically one after another.

HOWIE
What are those girls doing?

GILLIE
Praying.

HOWIE
Praying?

GILLIE
That they're in pod.

Howie looks baffled. The Gillie laughs and whips up the horse.

80 EXT: A PATH LEADING UPWARDS THROUGH OAK TREES AND
EXT: CASTLE AND STONES - DAY

The trap moves through a wood of oak trees, covered in mistletoe. It emerges into open ground so that we see that the wood rings a bare hill top on which stand two structures. The first is a huge circle of giant stones, some of them capped by other pedimental rocks. The second, standing further away, is a Gothic Castle.

80 CONTD

The trap makes for the front door of the castle, passing as it does so, fairly close to the circle of stones. This gives us a glimpse of a ceremony in progress there. In the centre of the circle a fire is blazing. A tall naked female figure stands by the fire surrounded by apparently naked little girls. They are dancing clockwise in a circle round the fire, and singing a song which floats down to us on the wind, Occasionally one of the little girls detaches herself from the circle and jumps through the fire.

GIRLS
(singing)
Give way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun,
And hang the head when as the Act is done
Spread as He spreads; wax less as He does
wane;
And as He shuts, close up to Maids again.

The trap draws up to the front door and Howie scarcely able to tear his eyes away from the ceremony in the ring of stones, dismounts.

GILLIE
This is Castle Oak. I'll be going round to the back.

The trap moves on towards the back of the castle. Howie wrenches himself out of his fascination.

HOWIE
(calling)
Thank you for the lift.

GILLIE
I'll be going back in half an hour.

HOWIE
I'll be ready.

The Gillie waves his whip and is gone round the corner of the building. Howie walks to the great front door and bangs on it with a huge iron knocker. It is opened by Broome the Butler.

BROOME
Good afternoon, sir.

HOWIE
I wish to see Lord Summerisle.
(MORE)

80 CONTD (2)

HOWIE (Contd)
My name is Howie. I'm a police sergeant from the mainland.

BROOME
Ah yes sir, his Lordship is expecting you.

HOWIE
Expecting me?

BROOME
That's what his Lordship told me. Won't you please come in.

Broome steps aside to let Howie pass inside.

81 INT: THE GREAT HALL OF THE CASTLE - DAY

The stone flagged floor has the pelts of deer and seals strewn on it. The high vaulted stone walls bear arrangements of ancient weapons and shields, mainly from the Norse era. The fireplace is huge.

BROOME
I will inform Lord Summerisle you're here, sir.

As Broome withdraws Howie glances, a little awed, round the room. Finally he wanders over to the window and looks out.

82 EXT: THE STONES - DAY
HOWIE'S POV

The children dancing and leaping through the fire.

LORD SUMMERISLE (VOICE OVER)
Good afternoon, Sergeant Howie. I trust the sight of the young people refreshes you.

83 INT: THE GREAT HALL - DAY

Howie whirls round from the window to find Lord Summerisle standing behind him. His face is taut and strained.

HOWIE
No, my Lord, it does not refresh me.

83 CONTD

LORD SUMMERISLE
I'm sorry. One should always be open to the regenerative influences.

After his initial shock of being taken by surprise, Howie has the opportunity to study Lord Summerisle. He is dressed in the kilt and a loose woolen white shirt. On his feet are a pair of sandles and round his neck he wears a thick intricately woven gold chain in the style of the pre-Christian Scandinavians.

HOWIE
Your man said you were expecting me. How was that?

LORD SUMMERISLE
It had to be only a matter of time before you came here. I hear you're looking for a missing child.

HOWIE
I've found her.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Good.

HOWIE
In her grave. I want your permission as a Justice of the Peace, to exhume her body and have it removed to the mainland for a pathologist's report.

LORD SUMMERISLE
You suspect foul play?

HOWIE
Yes. Murder and conspiracy to murder.

LORD SUMMERISLE
In that case, you must go ahead.

HOWIE
Your Lordship doesn't seem very concerned.

LORD SUMMERISLE
I'm confident your suspicions are wrong. We don't murder people here.

83 CONTD (2)

HOWIE
You mean there are no killings?

LORD SUMMERISLE
I mean there are no murders -- not as we see it, anyway.

HOWIE
There can still be murder done, even if the victim is complicit.

LORD SUMMERISLE
We have our own beliefs. As you've probably noticed, we're a deeply religious people.

HOWIE
Religious! With ruined churches and no priests?

LORD SUMMERISLE
Of course. When I came in just now, I couldn't help noticing that you were observing those children at the Stones with particular attention. They are enjoying a divinity lesson.

HOWIE
But they're naked!

LORD SUMMERISLE
Naturally. It's much too dangerous to leap through a fire with your clothes on.

HOWIE
(scornful)
What kind of religion can they be learning, jumping over bonfires in the buff?

LORD SUMMERISLE
Parthenogenesis -- literally, as Miss Rose would doubtless explain in her assiduous way -- reproduction without sexual union.

HOWIE
What nonsense is this? Fake biology, fake religion! You should be bringing those children to Christ.

83 CONTD (3)

LORD SUMMERISLE
Himself the son of a virgin impregnated, I believe, by a ghost.

Howie looks outraged and dumbfounded by turns. Summerisle motions him to a chair and proffers a cigar which is silently refused.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Do sit down. Shocks are so much better absorbed, with the knees bent.

He smiles at Howie's bewildered face.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Oh yes, sergeant. Even Christians believe in parthenogenesis. As for those children out there -- they're leaping through the flames in the hope that the God of fire may make them fruitful. And really, you know, you can hardly blame them. After all what girl would not prefer the child of a God to that of some acne-scarred Artisan.

HOWIE
And you encourage all this ... this rubbish, my Lord?

LORD SUMMERISLE
Actively. It's most important that each new generation born on Summerisle be made aware that here the Gods aren't dead.

HOWIE
But what of the Christian God to whose glory monasteries and churches have been built on these islands over the centuries? What of Him?

LORD SUMMERISLE
Oh He's dead alright ... and He can't complain. He had His chance, and in modern parlance, blew it.

HOWIE
(scandalised)
What!!!

83 CONTD (4)

LORD SUMMERISLE
Don't you mean how? The people were persuaded that He had become less powerful than the old Gods who still lived on in the woods and the water and the fire and the stone.

HOWIE
It's not possible after so long. Who did this?

LORD SUMMERISLE
My grandfather, actually. It wasn't all that difficult. The tradition of the arcane and the mysterious cleaves to the people of this island with a tenacity which makes it seem an inherent and inalienable possession. And as even you must be aware sergeant, there's no race which cultivates a keener sense of spiritual vision than the Celtic.

HOWIE
I don't understand.

LORD SUMMERISLE
It's very simple. In the last century the islanders were starving. Many were emigrating to Canada and Australia. Fishing and sheep brought in a marginal income, much as it does today on our neighbouring islands, but mullet and mutton, so to speak, are hardly the counters of prosperity. Dutifully, every Sunday the people -- Baptist and Catholic, Presbyterian and Free Kirk bowed as low as their respective religions permitted, to the Christian God and prayed for prosperity. But inevitably none appeared. In due course they came to realise that their reward was to be either in the colonies, or as the various priests indicated in a rare moment of agreement, in the next world.
(MORE)

83 CONTD (5)

LORD SUMMERISLE (Contd)
Then in 1868 my grandfather bought this island and set about changing things. He was a distinguished Victorian scientist, agronomist and free thinker -- the T. H. Huxley of the Trossachs you might call him. Look at his face. How formidably benevolent he seems, as only a man incredulous of all human good can.

Lord Summerisle indicates a large oil painting on the wall which shows a man in Victorian dress. Howie rises and looks at the picture with distaste.

HOWIE
You are very cynical, my Lord.

LORD SUMMERISLE
I simply know my family, sergeant.

He steers the sergeant away from the picture and towards a door at the far end of the room.

LORD SUMMERISLE
But be that as it may, my grandfather had not bought the island, solely for the society of its inhabitants. What had attracted him, apart from the profuse source of wiry labour that it promised, was the unique combination of volcanic soil and the warm gulf stream which surrounded it.

Lord Summerisle opens the door, and the two men pass through into the next room.

84 INT: LABORATORY - DAY

Lord Summerisle leads the way into the laboratory. It is equipped as any laboratory would be in a horticultural research station. The two men walk down the centre aisle while the camera chooses its own path picking up here a growing graft, there a shrunken apple, pear or apricot, preserved in a glass case, with its history and achievements beside it.

LORD SUMMERISLE
You see, his experiments had led him to believe that it was possible
(MORE)

84 CONTD

LORD SUMMERISLE (Contd)
to induce here the successful growth of certain new strains of fruit which he had developed. So with typical Mid-Victorian zeal, he set to work. But of course, almost immediately, he met opposition from the fundamentalist priests who threw tons of his artificial fertilizer into the harbour on the grounds that if God had meant us to use it, He'd have provided it. My grandfather took exactly the same view of priests, and realised he had to find a way to be rid of them. The best method of accomplishing this, it seemed to him, was to rouse the people from their poverty-induced apathy, by giving them back their joyous old Deities; so he encouraged, as it were, a retreat down memory lane backwards from Christianity, through the Ages of Reason and Belief to the Age of Mysticism.

HOWIE
I ask again sir, how was this possible?

LORD SUMMERISLE
And I refer you again sir, to the spiritual vision of the Celts. These islanders needed little urging. My grandfather simply told them about The Stones -- how they in fact formed an ancient temple, and that he The Lord of the Manor would make a sacrifice there every day to their old Gods and Goddesses particularly those of Fertility and Fruitfulness, and that as a result of this worship
(preacher's voice)
the barren island would burgeon and bring forth fruit in great abundance.
(normal voice)
For an atheist, grandfather had a singularly biblical turn of phrase, don't you think?

84 CONTD (2)

HOWIE
(incredulous)
And they believed him?

LORD SUMMERISLE
Well of course at first people worked for him because he fed and clothed them. Then naturally when all the trees started fruiting it became a different story. The priests told the people to withdraw their labour as they were "trucking with the devil". My father told the people that if they did so, he would leave and the island would become as barren again as all the others. It will come as no surprise to you to hear that the old Gods defeated the Christian God, and the priests fled the island never to return.

HOWIE
But how did the trees come to fruit, when so many other attempts to grow things on these islands have failed? Don't tell me your grandfather really worshipped the
(choking on the phrase)
Gods of Fertility?

LORD SUMMERISLE
Come, come, sergeant. As I've already told you, he worshipped science. What he did of course was to develop new cultivars of hardy fruits to suit local conditions. Out here we have his original experimental orchard, much developed of course. Come and have a look.

Lord Summerisle opens a door which leads out to the experimental orchard. He stands aside to let Howie pass.

85 EXT: EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - DAY

Howie emerges from the laboratory into the orchard followed by Lord Summerisle. They start to walk about

85 CONTD

amongst a number of trees in blossom, which have been elaborately tagged and bound. Beside many of them stand small refrigerators. Lord Summerisle identifies them as he passes.

LORD SUMMERISLE
You are looking at the parents of the Summerisle Apple. Ashmead's Kernel here on my left was originally raised by a Doctor Ashmead of Gloucester in the year seventeen ten. It is a grey brown russet which is not particularly attractive in appearance but was originally selected on account of its age, and excellent flavour, superior many have judged to the famous Cox's Orange Pippin. Here, see for yourself.

He opens a refrigerator and produces a slightly shrivelled brown apple which he cuts open with a knife. He offers it to Howie who takes and eats it.

HOWIE
Very sweet.

LORD SUMMERISLE
As I say it has a fine flavour, but its appearance is somewhat against it and it has a regrettable tendency to shrivel in refrigeration.

Lord Summerisle leads the way to the next tree.

LORD SUMMERISLE
In order to combat this latter disadvantage grandfather crossed it with St. Athelstane's Pippin, an orange flushed russet of great sturdiness and quite phenomenal shelf life discovered about 1830 by a Mr. Talmage of St. Ives in Cornwall. Receptivity to the beneficial effects of The Gulf Stream, combined with high resistance to salt water air currents, were bred in at this stage. Note the large, partly open eye with convergent to erect sepals set in a wide shallow, unusually even basin.

85 CONTD (2)

While he has been talking Lord Summerisle has taken an orange flushed russet out of another refrigerator and cut it open for Howie. Howie goes to taste it but Lord Summerisle throws it away.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Don't bother to taste it, it's quite unremarkable, unlike those splendid deep purple flushed Pauncefoot Pearmains which you can see in that refrigerated tray over there and which were brought in as the last crossing, in order to correct appearance.

He indicates the apple in question. While Howie's attention is distracted he produces suddenly, a huge red apple which he cuts open with his knife. Juice flows from the creamy flesh.

LORD SUMMERISLE
But save your appetite for this feller -- the renowned Summerisle Famous.

He offers a piece to Howie who eats it and can hardly conceal his delight.

HOWIE
Extraordinary, my Lord. Naturally I have had them before.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Yes, yes, of course you have.

He caresses the apple lovingly.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Creamy white flesh, firm, full flushed, blood red bloomed skin with a truly noble sweet vinous flavour. It took years of my grandfather's and my father's life, but it was worth it, for on this we base our prosperity.

HOWIE
(uncomfortable at the other's ecstasy)
I didn't know your father was as keen a horticulturist, my Lord.

85 CONTD (3)

LORD SUMMERISLE
Oh yes. He went on developing and improving the apples and produced other fruit here as well, notably Star of Summerisle, a remarkably heady pear, and Flame of Summerisle, an extremely juicy slightly sub-acid apricot of superb colour.

Lord Summerisle leads the way out of the experimental orchard by a gate in a wall, and they walk back towards the front of the castle.

86 EXT: A PATH LEADING FROM THE ORCHARD TO THE CASTLE - DAY

The two men walk up towards the front of the castle.

HOWIE
And did he too keep up the Godless charades of your grandfather, sir?

LORD SUMMERISLE
He became fascinated by the old ways, if that's what you mean. Indeed, he went further. What my grandfather had started out of expediency, he continued because he truly believed that it was infinitely more spiritually nourishing than the life denying, God-terror of the Kirk. And I might say, sergeant, he brought me up the same way -- to love the music and drama and rituals of the old pantheism, and to love nature, and to fear it, and rely on it and appease it where necessary. He brought me up to ...

HOWIE
(shouting)
To be a pagan.

There is a silence between them.

LORD SUMMERISLE
(softly)
A heathen, conceivably, but not I hope, an unenlightened one.

86 CONTD

HOWIE
(tightly)
I'm only interested in the law, Lord Summerisle, and I must remind you that you are still the subject of a Christian country. If people practice obscenities and murder, it is my duty ...

LORD SUMMERISLE
Let us not debate the laws relating to obscenity, sergeant. The police in the British Isles haven't come off too well lately in that context. But murder ... ?

HOWIE
As I said, I suspect so. Murder past and murder planned. Now may I have permission to exhume the body of Rowan Morrison?

LORD SUMMERISLE
I was under the impression that I had already given it to you.

The horse and trap driven by the Gillie rounds the corner of the castle.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Ah, here's your transport.

He extends his hand which the surprised Howie takes.

LORD SUMMERISLE
It's been a great pleasure meeting a Christian copper. Goodbye.

Lord Summerisle walks into the castle and closes the door behind him. Howie climbs onto the trap and looks slowly from the door to the children dancing round the bonfire in The Stones on the hill behind him. Occasionally a child jumps through the smoke. We zoom in to a close up of one such child to see that her expression is ecstatic.

87 EXT: THE COMMON AND GRAVEYARD - EVENING

Sergeant Howie and the old gardener walk across the common towards the churchyard. The former carries an oil lamp, and the latter a spade. We track with them

87 CONTD

across the common and through the lychgate into the churchyard. We see a number of people watering graves with watering cans. The old gardener/grave digger goes straight to Rowan's grave and starts to dig. Mix to next scene.

88 EXT: THE GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Night has fallen and Howie now holds aloft the lighted oil lamp to illuminate the grave digger's work. Suddenly we hear the sound of spade on wood and see a child's plain pine coffin lying in the earth.

OLD GARDENER
'Ere give us a hand to lift this lot out.

He throws up a cord to Howie, who catches it and starts to pull. Together they slowly raise up the coffin until it can be placed by the pile of earth from the grave. The grave digger uses his spade as a lever and we hear the squeak of protesting nails as they are pulled out. Suddenly the lid gives and we see the faces of the two men surprised at what they see, changing in Howie's case to an expression of fury.

An insert shows us the inside of the coffin -- quite empty except for a dead hare. Howie's hand reaches inside and picks it up. Fade to black as the gardener laughs.

89 INT: GREAT HALL OF CASTLE - NIGHT

The body of the hare is thrown violently down on the flagstones. We pull back to see the whole room with Howie standing confronting Lord Summerisle. In front of the fire Miss Rose reclines on some skins, while in the huge fireplace a great fire roars.

HOWIE
(furious)
I found this in Rowan Morrison's grave.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Little Rowan loved the March Hares.

HOWIE
It's sacrilege.

89 CONTD

MISS ROSE
Only if the ground were consecrated to Christian belief. Personally, I think it's a very lovely transmutation. I'm sure Rowan is most happy with it.

HOWIE
(to Miss Rose)
Look here, Miss. I hope you don't think that I can be made a fool of indefinitely.
(shouting)
Where is Rowan Morrison?

MISS ROSE
(pointing to the hare)
Why there she is, what remains of her physically. Her soul of course may even now be ...

Howie turns impatiently to Lord Summerisle.

HOWIE
Lord Summerisle, for the last time where is Rowan Morrison?

LORD SUMMERISLE
(cooly)
I believe, Sergeant Howie, that you are supposed to be the detective.

HOWIE
My Lord, a child is reported missing on your island. I come here and at first I'm told there is no such child. I find there is and that she has been killed -- burnt to death, according to Doctor Ewan. I subsequently discover there is no death certificate, and now I find that though there is a grave, there is no body.

LORD SUMMERISLE
How perplexing for you. What do you think could have happened?

HOWIE
Though I have no evidence for this, it is my belief that Rowan Morrison
(MORE)

89 CONTD (2)

HOWIE (contd)
was murdered under circumstances of pagan barbarity which I can scarcely bring myself to believe as taking place in the twentieth century. It is my intention to return to the mainland tomorrow and report my suspicions to the Chief Constable of the West Highland Constabulary, and demand a full investigation into all the affairs of this heathen island. Goodnight sir.

LORD SUMMERISLE
You must of course do as you see fit, sergeant. It is perhaps just as well that you won't be here to be offended by the sight of our May Day celebrations tomorrow.

Light dawns on Sergeant Howie.

HOWIE
Tomorrow's tomorrow ... of course. My Lord, I may even return from the mainland in time to prevent their taking place.

Lord Summerisle rings the bell and Broome appears.

LORD SUMMERISLE
I think it will take stronger powers than yours to stop them, sergeant. Over the centuries they have proved very durable.

Broome opens the door.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Ah Broome. Will you kindly show the sergeant out.

BROOME
This way, sir.

Howie hesitates and then strides from the room. Broome closes the door, leaving Lord Summerisle and Miss Rose smiling at each other enigmatically as the sergeant's footsteps retreat down the stone flagged corridor outside. The great door bangs closed behind him. Lord Summerisle seats himself at the piano. He and Miss Rose sing the 'Ram of Derby' together - uproariously - (It is a very very old version of the song dating from when the RAM was a MAN).

90 EXT: CHEMIST'S SHOP - NIGHT

Howie crosses silently to the chemist shop. Looking carefully about him to see that he is unobserved, he slips a piece of mica between the yale catch and door jamb of the shop's front door, and opens it. Noiselessly he slips inside.

91 INT: CHEMIST'S SHOP - NIGHT

Howie carefully closes the door of the shop behind him. He lights a match and takes his bearings, then blows it out, returning the screen to darkness. Suddenly a light goes on in what appears to be a dark room at the back of the shop.

92 INT: DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Howie stands in the dark room listening intently. He opens a door which discloses in an insert a flight of stairs leading upwards. We hear the racking snores of Mr. Lennox from the bedroom above. These continue throughout the scene. Howie starts to search through boxes of negatives filed away on shelves in yellow boxes. They are labelled weddings, sports days, portraits, etc., etc. Finally he comes to a box marked Harvest Festival. He opens it and finds inside a number of negatives, each marked with its date. The negative for the previous year which Mr. Lennox claimed he was unable to find lies at the bottom of the pile. Howie holds it up briefly to the light to make sure there has been an exposure, then quickly pours out some Hypo in a photographic dish and slips the negative into it.

While the photograph is developing he tiptoes to the foot of the stairs to check on the sleeping Mr. Lennox. Satisfied that all is well, he starts to examine other boxes of photographs. He selects one labelled Divination and opens it. Inside are a number of photographs in folders. The first is labelled The Blade-Bone of the Black Pig (Slinneineachd) and contains a photograph of a crowd of islanders standing in a circle round Lord Summerisle who is minutely scrutinising the bone of an animal. The second is labelled Omen Stones (Coel Coeth) and contains a photograph of half a dozen people throwing white round stones into the embers of a fire. The third is labelled The Seer in the Bull (Taghairm) and contains the photograph of a man wrapped in the hide of a bull being rocked by others on the bank of a river. The fourth is labelled The Elucidator (Peithyrnen) and contains a photograph which shows Lord Summerisle manipulating a machine consisting of several staves on which judicial maxims have been cut.

92 CONTD

(When turned the staves spell out messages of three or four lines.) The fifth is labelled The Living and The Dead Graves and contains a photograph which shows a woman wrapped in a blanket lying on the ground between two holes. One has a sign by it reading Living Grave; the other reads Dead Grave. A small circle of people looks on with concern. Sickened, Howie thrusts the photographs back into the yellow box, and moves over to the bath of Hypo. A photograph of the familiar scene of the Harvest Festival emerges before our eyes. He takes it out and lays it on a table to dry. Searching round he finds a magnifying glass and holds it to the picture. After a lot of distortion due to magnification, we see that the girl standing amongst the fruit and vegetables is not Rowan Morrison but Daisy who we met in the schoolroom. Howie's face shows his perplexity. He applies himself to examining the photograph in detail and we note the surprising fact that there is virtually no produce.

HOWIE (THOUGHT VOICE)
There's hardly any produce ...
A few old pears, and tomatoes
and cauliflowers ... and a dozen
tiny little apples.
(out loud)
The crop failed last year, that's
it! The crop failed ... No wonder
I got canned soup and vegetables
last night ... No wonder there
were none of the famous Summerisle
Apples ...
(THOUGHT VOICE)
Now I wonder what the old religion
does about crop failure.

A memory strikes him -- the voice of Lord Summerisle outside the castle.

LORD SUMMERISLE (VOICE OVER)
He brought me up the same way --
to love the music and drama and
rituals of the old pantheism, and
to love nature, and to fear it
and rely on it and appease it
where necessary ...

HOWIE
(appalled, out loud)
Appease it where necessary!

92 CONTD (2)

He finds himself staring at a wall calendar with May Day ringed heavily in red. His eyes widen.

LORD SUMMERISLE (VOICE OVER)
Only make sure you're ready for tomorrow's tomorrow.

WILLOW (VOICE OVER)
The day of death and resurrection.

HOWIE
My God! I've got to find that girl!

His vehemence has interrupted the even flow of the snores. There is a sudden silence from upstairs which Howie notices and registers by glancing towards the staircase. Hastily he replaces the negative in the box, grabs the wet photograph, and turns out the light. He goes through to the shop. There is dead silence for an appreciable time; then the snores resume at first softly but growing to reach a crescendo. We hear the front door of the shop open and close. Fade to black.

93 INT: BAR ROOM - GREEN MAN - NIGHT

Inside the bar everything is unusually quiet. Willow stands behind the counter drying some glasses. Howie comes in looking tired. She turns and smiles with pleasure when she sees who it is.

WILLOW
Hullo. You look tired. Can I get you a drink?

HOWIE
I'll have a pint please.

Willow turns to draw the beer. Howie contemplates the empty space on the wall where last year's Harvest Festival photograph is missing, then brings out his own recently stolen photograph and makes a comparison. The difference between plenitude and famine is obvious. He puts his photograph back in his pocket and walks over to the bar where his beer stands waiting. He lifts it and drinks deeply.

HOWIE
Willow, what did you mean by the phrase 'the day of death and resurrection'.

93 CONTD

WILLOW
I don't remember saying that.

HOWIE
You said it last night to Lord Summerisle when he was in the garden.

WILLOW
Oh, so you overheard that, did you, Sergeant Sleuth.

HOWIE
I'm right next door you know.

WILLOW
I know where you are. I only hope Ash Buchannan didn't keep you awake. He's a lively boy and very anxious to learn.

HOWIE
I'm only interested in the meaning of the phrase 'the day of death and resurrection'.

WILLOW
It's just a saying. It's something to do with fertility, and May Day, and all that.

HOWIE
Willow, what happens on May Day? Does anyone ... well, I mean, is anyone specially chosen for a ...

WILLOW
You must think of it as a day of rebirth, sergeant ... That's the best way.

HOWIE
(impatiently)
Do you know where they're keeping Rowan Morrison?

WILLOW
Who cares? But why don't you come to my room later tonight. I'm sure I can tell you something to your advantage. The door won't be locked.

93 CONTD (2)

She moves away from him, down the bar. He watches her go, evidently disturbed by her proposition. He drinks off his beer as a means of regaining some lost control.

94 INT: SERGEANT HOWIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Howie lies awake in his bed listening to the sounds of the house. He hears Willow open the door of her room, and looking towards the window he sees that the light next door has gone on. He listens to her moving about, then suddenly he hears noises up against the dividing wall between the two rooms, as of flesh being rubbed up and down against the plaster. The sounds become more and more rhythmically insistent and are now accompanied by soft moans mixed with snatches of a tuneful humming. Howie sits up in bed, feels for the cross he left in the church, and after a struggle with himself gets up and walks in his underwear almost trance-like to the wall. He feels it with his hands as if it were flesh. Then gently at first, he presses the top half of his body against it, stretching out his arms in the shape of a cross. He starts to shake, and gradually is forced, as it were against his own will, to press the lower half of his body against it.

95 INT: WILLOW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Willow is standing by the wall, naked. Alternatively she rubs herself up against it and traces with her fingers the shape of the man on the other side of it. She is humming to herself, but suddenly placing her mouth close to the wall she breaks into the words of the song.

WILLOW
(singing)
I saw a maid milk a bull
Well done Liar.
I saw a maid milk a bull
Give him his due.

96 INT: SERGEANT HOWIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Howie is forcing his body away from the wall, an effort which seems to take all his strength. We can hear Willow's voice clearly through the wall.

WILLOW (VOICE OVER)
(singing)
I saw a maid milk a bull
Every stroke a bucket full
Isn't that a comical thing to be true.

96 CONTD

Accompanied by a peal of ironic laughter from Willow, Howie totters across the room to regain his bed. He lies there sweating and exhausted, as if he has been in a great fight. Fade to black.

97 INT: SERGEANT HOWIE'S ROOM - DAY

It is the next morning. Sunshine streams in through the window. Willow comes briskly into the room with tea and toast on a tray, and puts them down on a bedside table. This wakes him up.

WILLOW
Wake up. Sergeant Sleuth. It's May Day.

HOWIE
What time is it?

WILLOW
It's past nine.

She draws back the curtains and the room floods with light. Slowly Howie props himself up on one elbow.

WILLOW
I thought you were coming to see me last night.

HOWIE
I never said so.

WILLOW
I invited you.

HOWIE
I'm sorry. I'm an engaged man.

WILLOW
And that stops you?

HOWIE
Yes, of course.

WILLOW
Would you have come if you weren't engaged?

HOWIE
I don't think so.

97 CONTD

WILLOW
I must say you're a gallant fellow, sergeant.

HOWIE
It's not personal. It's just that I don't believe in it before marriage.

WILLOW
I'd have thought that if you didn't believe in it before, you're not going to believe in it much after. Still, suit yourself. I expect you'll be going back today, won't you? You wouldn't want to be around here on May Day -- not the way you feel.

HOWIE
I shall be going, and I shall be returning tonight with a number of police officers. You'd better tell your father to make ready at least another three rooms.

WILLOW
I'll tell him.

She leaves the room and shuts the door behind her, but a second later opens it again catching Howie just getting out of bed. He covers himself embarrassed.

WILLOW
Tell me sergeant, do they all think like you?

She laughs and closes the door, leaving him sitting on the edge of the bed, in confusion.

98 EXT: HIGH STREET - DAY

Howie walks down the high street towards the harbour. He notices that it is entirely deserted. He looks down the side streets and up towards the green but there is no sign of a human being anywhere. He turns to find Miss Rose standing in his path.

MISS ROSE
Ah sergeant. You're about early.

98 CONTD

HOWIE
Which is more than can be said about everyone else.

MISS ROSE
They're all inside preparing.

HOWIE
For May Day?

MISS ROSE
Of course.

HOWIE
Miss Rose, you're a skilled instructor. Tell me about May Day.

MISS ROSE
It is a feast of fecundity, sergeant, celebrated in the form of an ancient dance drama which has, as you may well expect, a complete cast of characters. Firstly there is the hobby horse or man-animal who leads the ceremony chasing the girls with tarred skirts. Secondly there is a man-woman figure, what we call the Betsy or Teaser always played by the community leader, in this case Lord Summerisle. Thirdly there are the Sword Dancers who throughout the dance continuously make a Lock of their Swords -- a clear symbol of the sun. And fourthly there is the victim whose death and resurrection of course is the climax of the dance. But I've surely said more than enough to one who is at this moment on his way to make out his report to the Chief Constable of the Western Highlands. Good morning to you.

She passes him and continues on up the street. After a pause, Howie moves on towards the harbour.

99 EXT: HARBOUR - DAY

Shooting from the quayside up towards the high street we see Howie come towards quayside, passing the harbour master who is sitting on a bollard, doing nothing much in particular.

HARBOUR MASTER
Morning, sergeant.

HOWIE
Morning. I need to get to my plane.

HARBOUR MASTER
You won't find a cat stirring this morning. I'd best take you out myself.

The harbour master rises and the two men make their way down the steps of the quayside to a small dinghy which they proceed to board. The harbour master casts off and takes the oars. Mix through to next scene.

100 EXT: HARBOUR - DAY

The harbour master is rowing Howie across the water to the seaplane. We see the scene in long shot from the POV of the quayside. The camera pans round to see the crowd of boatmen we have previously met, staring silently out to sea at the retreating row boat. All wear elaborate animal masks - otters, badgers, foxes, eagles, stoats, rats, etc., etc.

101 EXT: HARBOUR - DAY

The row boat arrives at the seaplane, and Howie scrambles up into the cockpit. The harbour master waves.

HARBOUR MASTER
Have a good flight, now.

We hear Howie try to start the engine, and the attempt fail. He tries again and again with similar results. With a grin and a final wave the harbour master starts to row back to shore.

102 INT: COCKPIT OF SEAPLANE - DAY

Howie desperately presses the starter button. He then tries the switches of the radio; but it is dead. The engine again fails to start and finally refuses to turn over at all. With a grim face he climbs out onto the wing.

103 EXT: SEAPLANE - DAY

Standing on the float Howie bleakly regards the retreating harbour master.

HOWIE
Hey you! Come back!

The harbour master continues rowing. Howie waves. The harbour master waves back and continues rowing. Howie remembers his loud hailer and takes it out of the cockpit.

HOWIE
(loud hailer)
Come back!

104 EXT: QUAYSIDE - DAY

From the P.O.V. of the quayside we see the harbour master turn his row boat round and head back to the seaplane. The masked figures walk away down the quayside and melt into the town.

105 EXT: SEAPLANE - DAY

The row boat draws up alongside the seaplane.

HARBOUR MASTER
What's the matter? Won't she go?

HOWIE
No. Has anyone been near her?

HARBOUR MASTER
Not to my knowledge, sergeant.

HOWIE
Are you sure? Bit of a coincidence that neither the engine or the radio are working.

HARBOUR MASTER
If any of the kids had been interfering with it I think I'd have seen 'em.

HOWIE
And you didn't?

HARBOUR MASTER
No.

HOWIE
I'll want a boat.

HARBOUR MASTER
On May Day?

105 CONTD

HOWIE
Yes, on May Day.

HARBOUR MASTER
It's not possible, friend.
Nothing puts out from here today.

HOWIE
This is police business. I've
got to have a boat.

HARBOUR MASTER
(suddenly tougher)
Let me speak frankly, sergeant --
no one wants you here on May Day,
but equally no one will give it
up to take you to the mainland.
Now I can either leave you here
on this seaplane or take you back
to the island. Which is it to be?

HOWIE
You'll hear more of this.
Obstructing a police officer ...

HARBOUR MASTER
No one's obstructing you. Use
your plane -- if you can.

Ill humouredly Howie steps into the boat. The harbour master digs in his oars and Howie sprawls on his back in the bottom of the boat. They row away from us as he attempts to right himself. Mix through to next scene.

106 EXT: QUAYSIDE - DAY

Howie leaps ashore from the boat, and after a look round the deserted harbour naked of boats as well as of men, he runs to a row of boathouses advertising boats for hire. All are locked and shuttered. He grows more desperate as he tries them all in turn, watched by the harbour master who has tied up his row boat, and sits again on his bollard.

HARBOUR MASTER
You're a very persistent man,
sergeant.

HOWIE
I've got to get to the mainland.

106 CONTD

HARBOUR MASTER
Well I reckon you'll have to swim for it.

HOWIE
Where have they put all their boats?

HARBOUR MASTER
They've locked up. They don't leave 'em in the water on May Day.

HOWIE
Why not?

HARBOUR MASTER
You never know what might happen to 'em.

HOWIE
(to himself)
Then I'll have to find Rowan myself.

Howie runs from the quayside up to the entrance to the village high street.

107 EXT: VILLAGE HIGH STREET - DAY

The high street is completely deserted. Howie starts to walk up it looking carefully down the cross streets all of which are equally empty. Suddenly an enormous hobby horse breaks cover from a side street near the top of the High Street, crosses it from right to left and disappears. Howie quickens his pace and crosses the road to where the hobby horse disappeared.

108 EXT: VILLAGE HIGH STREET OPPOSITE GREEN MAN - DAY

Howie stands outside the chemist's shop with his back to it. He is looking cautiously about him, his ears straining for every sound. Suddenly with a great clatter the hobby horse again breaks cover, this time travelling across the high street from left to right. This time it is very much nearer to us and we are able to see in detail the monstrous details of the half horse half dragon as it trails its collosal hooped skirt across the road and disappears finally into the back courtyard of The Green Man. Stealthily Howie creeps across the road after it. The camera

108 CONTD

does not follow him, but zooms instead into a tight close up of the glass door of the chemist shop. Standing in the shadows staring out at Howie is Mr. Lennox, his head covered by the malevolent mask of a weasel. His arm rests on an old fashioned tripod camera which stands beside him.

109 EXT: COURTYARD OF THE GREEN MAN - DAY

In the courtyard of the Green Man, the hobby horse is being dismantled by a crowd of men, most of whom we have seen before either in the harbour or in the pub. Out of the hobby horse steps Alistair the giant, red in the face and sweating profusely. Someone hands him a pint which he drinks at a draught. Lord Summerisle looks on approvingly. He himself is dressed in the Teaser's costume -- a long straight dark wig and a dark purple, very simple, Edwardian Governess's dress, faintly reminiscent of a priest's habit, which he starts to get out of as he talks.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Everything in working order, Alistair?

ALISTAIR
Aye my Lord.

Lord Summerisle turns to Alder MacGregor who is climbing out of a Punch costume flanked by six men in white dance uniforms who are practicing making a "knot" with their swords.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Mr. MacGregor, I trust we aren't going to have to let your costume out again this year?

There is a general burst of laughter.

ALDER MACGREGOR
I'll manage, my Lord, though it seems to shrink a bit every year.

Lord Summerisle crosses to the swords men and watches as they lock and withdraw a couple of times.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Are you men alright?

FIRST SWORDSMAN
We will be, my Lord.

109 CONTD

Lord Summerisle smiles and passes over to a group of dancers with antlers on their heads practicing a complicated dance step. He watches for awhile, then moves over to stand by some men who are heating up a barrel of tar. All around him, onlookers stand drinking beer.

An insert shows Howie has crept into the stables of the yard and is looking out at the scene from behind a pile of straw. Lord Summerisle raises his hands for silence, and this is immediately accorded him.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Gentlemen, enough now! We will all reassemble on the Green at three o'clock sharp, and process through the village and countryside, to the beach under "The Stones" by the route which has become sacred to our rite. This year, at the procession's end, as has been proclaimed, a holy sacrifice will be offered up jointly to Nuada, our most sacred God of the Sun, and to Avellenau the beloved Goddess of our orchards in order that we might furnish them with renewed power to quicken the growth of our crops. Hail the Queen of the May!

ALL THE MAN TOGETHER
Hail the Queen of the May!

The men cheer and stream over to the Ale Bower which has been set up in a corner of the yard. The Bower itself is decorated with fruit blossoms and sprigs of flowering garlic and white handkerchiefs. Inside men dressed as "Green Men" or "Jack-in-the-Green" serve the thirsty men with ale. In the hurly burly, Howie slips from his place of concealment and leaves the yard.

110 EXT: HIGH STREET - MAY MORRISON'S SHOP - DAY

Howie turns into the empty High Street and moves quickly across the road towards May Morrison's shop. A clock in the window shows eleven o'clock. He knocks at the door. Mrs. Morrison bustles up and unlocks it. A chicken mask dangles from her hand.

110 CONTD

MRS. MORRISON
Why sergeant, I thought you'd gone back.

HOWIE
Mrs. Morrison, I've no time to waste on games and half answers. I've got to find Rowan.

MRS. MORRISON
But you told me yourself that you went to the graveyard ...

HOWIE
Mrs. Morrison, whether you know it or not, Rowan's not dead. They've got her hidden somewhere.

MRS. MORRISON
They?

HOWIE
The village ... the whole island. Everyone's in it.

She looks at him blankly, but courteously.

HOWIE
... I suppose you're in it too. Dear God, what kind of a woman are you to stand by and watch the slaughter of your own child?

MRS. MORRISON
I've already told you, sergeant. This is my child.

She moves aside to reveal a child dressed in a chicken mask. Howie snatches it off to reveal the face of Myrtle. She bursts into tears and runs back into the shop.

MRS. MORRISON
Now see what you've done. If I was you I'd go back to the mainland, sergeant, and stop meddling in affairs which are no concern of yours.

HOWIE
But they are my concern.

110 CONTD (2)

MRS. MORRISON
No they are not. You simply cannot understand the true nature of sacrifice.

She smiles at him sadly and closes the door. He stands there as if turned to stone.

HOWIE
(viciously)
Heathens. Bloody heathens!

Suddenly galvanized he runs to the first house in the High Street and pounds on the door. A surprised man of about forty-five opens the door. The camera pans to look in through the window into the sitting room as Howie pushes his way into the tiny house.

HOWIE
I'm a police officer, looking for a missing child. Please take the mask off that child.

111 INT: SITTING ROOM OF HOUSE - DAY

Through the window we see Sergeant Howie bulldoze his way into the room and point to a child wearing a hare's head mask. Two older women who are dressing the child look astonished at the interruption, but quietly and quickly remove the mask. It is not Rowan Morrison but another child who we might have recognised as having been in the schoolroom. Howie runs up the stairs, the camera panning back to see him do so. The man pursues him.

MAN
Hey wait a minute. Have you got a search warrant?

112 INT: TOP STOREY LANDING OF HOUSE - DAY

Howie stands looking down menacingly at the houseowner.

HOWIE
No. I do not have a bloody warrant, simply because there is absolutely no way I can get one. But I intend to search every house in this town in the next three hours, just the same, and any man who tries to stop me will be arrested as an accomplice to murder.

112 CONTD

He throws open the door of a bedroom and starts to search it.

113 EXT: HIGH STREET - DAY

Howie storms out of the house and walks to the next one. He bangs on the door. The top window shoots up and three cats' heads masks look out.

GIRL IN WINDOW
Yes?

HOWIE
Take those masks off.

GIRL IN WINDOW
Cheek!

HOWIE
I am a police officer looking for a missing child. Take those masks off.

The three small girls remove their masks. None of them are Rowan Morrison, though we may have seen them before. The front door opens and a large woman -- obviously their mother -- confronts Howie.

WOMAN
What do you think you're doing?

HOWIE
I'm a police officer, madam. I am searching every house in this village for a missing girl. I hope you will co-operate.

The woman stands reluctantly aside.

WOMAN
We've got no missing girls here.

Howie shoulders his way into the house without ceremony.

114 MONTAGE SEQUENCE
INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS HOUSES - DAY

The camera follows Howie as he goes from door to door throughout the village streets. We intercut with this progress interior shots of him searching the houses -- looking under beds, and in cupboards and attics observed by costumed children and adults who he has asked in dumb

114 CONTD

show to unmask. In each case the masks are of animals indigenous to the Highlands. He then starts on the shops.

115 INT: WOMEN'S HAIRDRESSING SALON - DAY

Half a dozen women are sitting in chairs in front of wash basins having their hair arranged to suit the bird masks which they are wearing. They turn their heads as one, like part of a marauding flock of birds of prey, to look at Howie as he bursts in. He opens curtains and cupboards and finally turns to speak but cannot because of the noise of a couple of driers in a back cubicle. He steps in and turns them off. Two peacock masks look up at him from under the driers.

HOWIE
I am a police officer. I must ask you to remove those masks.

They stare at him in silence.

HAIRDRESSER
I have spent the morning setting their hair round those masks.

Howie comes to a decision. He moves swiftly down the row of women at the basins and under the driers examining their hands. None of them are those of a thirteen year old child. He talks as he goes.

HOWIE
Alright, keep the masks on, but I need your help. As you all must know by now Rowan Morrison is missing, and I believe she is being held somewhere on this island for a hideous purpose. Whatever your beliefs may be, you must see you cannot as decent women and mothers, allow yourselves to become accomplices to murder ... Tell me where can I find this child?

The women remain silent staring at him through the bird masks. After a moment he goes out slamming the door behind him.

116 INT: BAKER'S SHOP - DAY

The baker's shop is piled high with newly baked, flat loaves impressed with the face of the Sun God. Howie

116 CONTD

is searching the shop, watched laconically by the baker, who is one of the six swordsmen we have previously seen in the courtyard of the inn. Howie moves to the back of the shop and stops beside a huge iron door set in the wall.

HOWIE
What's in here?

BAKER
That's my oven. Would you be thinking I've toasted the little girl up in it?

HOWIE
Open it.

BAKER
I don't like opening my oven when she's cooling.

He moves to bar the way to his oven but Howie thrusts him aside and opens the oven.

Insert oven. Inside the oven is a long coffin shaped baking tin about seven feet in length. Howie stares at it for a long moment before reaching to remove it. He burns his hands and is forced to look around for, find, and put on a pair of oven gloves. With their help he takes out the huge baking tin and lays it on a table. He removes the top to reveal the figure of John Barleycorn (a symbolical corn figure usually made from plaited sheaves) baked in bread and filling the tin. The baker laughs.

HOWIE
What's this?

BAKER
The life of the fields -- John Barleycorn.

HOWIE
(furious)
I've warned you, baker. If this girl is harmed, I'll have the lot of you.

We stay on the baker's thoughtful face as Howie leaves the shop.

117 INT: FISHMONGER'S SHOP/PARLOUR - DAY

Howie is searching through the big refrigerator in the fishmonger's shop. Fish of all sorts lie in trays around him. He emerges into the shop and from thence makes his way behind a curtain to a parlour. He is followed by the fishmonger, a man we have previously seen stirring the warm tar in a barrel in the court yard of the inn. In the parlour Howie notices a tall, thin hanging cupboard, and throws it open. Inside hangs an eight foot high fish costume.

FISHMONGER
That's my costume. What do you think of it? ... Splendid eh? It's the Salmon of Knowledge. It is said that it acquired mystical lore, through eating the nuts of the divine hazel trees which fell into a well beneath them. These nuts conveyed to the Salmon knowledge of everything that was in the world; and by extension those who can catch and eat of its flesh acquire supernatural sight.

He looks around for Howie but the sergeant has gone. He smiles softly to himself and gently shakes his head.

118 INT: BUTCHER'S SHOP - DAY

The butcher stands behind his block, facing Howie across it. Between them a wall clock registers a quarter to two.

BUTCHER
Well you've been through my freezers and looked all over the place for her, sergeant, and as you can see she ain't here, so I'll be getting on if you don't mind. It's pretty late.

Howie glances at the clock as the butcher picks up a big cardboard box from the shelf behind him and starts out for the staircase which leads upwards to his living quarters.

HOWIE
What have you got in there?

The butcher takes off the top of the box to reveal its contents -- the mask of the head of a white bull.

118 CONTD

HOWIE
(sarcastic)
What's that -- The Bull of Ignorance?

BUTCHER
That's Old Brazenface, that is. Couldn't do without him.

He gives Howie a broad wink and tramps off upstairs, leaving the policeman standing there.

119 INT: REFRIGERATED APPLE STORE - DAY

A very exhausted Howie climbs down to ground level amongst the empty apple crates and leans heavily against an upright beam. Disconsolately he kicks a few rotten apples which lie at its base.

HOWIE (THOUGHT VOICE)
I can never search this whole island in time. I haven't even started on the castle or the caves, or the outlying farmhouses. And they can always see me coming, and hide her back in some place I've already searched. It's useless. I'd best get back to the inn, rest up for an hour, and be on my toes for the procession.

He walks out of the barn and into the sunlight.

120 EXT: APPLE STORE - SIDE STREET - DAY

Howie comes out of the store and stands in the sunshine looking about him. Behind him on the building we read the emblem: "Summerisle Famous The Best Apple in the World". The street is deserted. He walks down it towards the main high street. Suddenly his attention is arrested by an undertaker's shop importantly styled Summerisle Funeral Parlour. His eyes widen as an idea hits him and he crosses over to it.

121 EXT: FUNERAL PARLOUR - DAY

Howie knocks on the door of the funeral parlour, but receives no answer. Cautiously he looks in through a back window.

122 INT: FUNERAL PARLOUR - DAY
HOWIE'S POV

On a tressle table in the middle of a bare room lies a small coffin about the right size to house the body of a thirteen year old child.

123 EXT: FUNERAL PARLOUR - DAY

Howie creeps round to the back door and tries the latch. It is unlocked, and he lets himself in soundlessly.

124 INT: FUNERAL PARLOUR - DAY

Howie approaches the coffin on tip toe, and after pausing to ascertain that he has not been overheard, gently removes the unsecured lid of the coffin to reveal the shrunken body of an old, old woman. She has a tiny, yellow, shrivelled face, and a little apple is in her mouth, and bright pennies are on her eyes. He drops the lid with a clatter, and flees the room. The camera pans round to see him pass the window and move off rapidly down the street.

125 INT: BAR - GREEN MAN - DAY

Willow and her father are in the empty bar. The clock stands at two twenty. Howie staggers in breathing heavily and sags up against the bar.

HOWIE
Give me a beer please.

Alder MacGregory moves to fill the pint pot. We notice a tit bird mask lying on the bar. Willow looks at the clock.

WILLOW
Hullo. You're back early.
Where are the other coppers?

HOWIE
I didn't go. My plane wouldn't start.

Alder MacGregor sets the pint down in front of Howie, who seizes it greedily and starts to drink it off.

ALDER MACGREGOR
So he spent the time instead turning the whole village upside down. No wonder he's worn out.
Did you find the girl?

125 CONTD

Howie shakes his head and continues drinking.

ALDER MACGREGOR
I can't say I'm surprised.

Howie sets down the empty pot.

HOWIE
I think I'll rest in my room for half an hour.

ALDER MACGREGOR
I'd stay there till tonight if I was you. We don't relish strangers much today.

MacGregor and his daughter turn their backs on Howie and continue to tidy the bar. Howie walks away from the bar and up the stairs towards his bedroom.

126 INT: HOWIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Howie lies on his bed, his eyes closed. Suddenly he becomes aware of whispering outside his door. He rises noiselessly from his bed and tiptoes to the door to listen.

WILLOW (WHISPER OVER)
I don't like to use it on him.

ALDER MACGREGORY (WHISPER OVER)
The Laird said we must take no chances, didn't he?

WILLOW (WHISPER OVER)
Yes, but with the hand of glory, there's no telling when you wake. He might sleep for days.

ALDER MACGREGORY (WHISPER OVER)
All the better. We don't want him butting in. Light it up.

We hear some scuffling and the striking of a match.

WILLOW (WHISPER OVER)
That'll make you sleep, my pretty sergeant.

She laughs a stifled laugh.

126 CONTD

ALDER MACGREGORY (WHISPER OVER)
What's the time?

WILLOW (WHISPER OVER)
Nearly quarter to.

ALDER MACGREGORY (WHISPER OVER)
Well, I'll go and change. We can't do without Punch. You'd best get on ahead. They've given you girls five minutes start, haven't they?

WILLOW (WHISPER OVER)
Alright! 'Bye.

We hear Willow clatter off down the stairs and MacGregor walk heavily down the corridor to his own room. When all is silent Howie cautiously opens the door and screams at what he sees waiting for him.

127 INSERT - CORRIDOR - GREEN MAN - DAY

The Hand of Glory -- a human hand, amputated at the wrist, stuck on the spike of an old fashioned candle-stick, and with each finger aflame, stands on the floor outside his door.

128 INT: HOWIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Howie reels over to his wash basin, retching. After awhile he straightens up, and filling a tooth mug full of water walks to the door.

129 INT: CORRIDOR - GREEN MAN - DAY

Howie pours the glass of water over the hand of glory dousing the flames. It smokes horribly. He throws the tooth mug back savagely into his room, kicks the hand of glory into a corner and picking up the candle stick moves softly down the corridor towards Alder MacGregor's room, the door of which is partly ajar, and from which come sounds of movement. Howie peers into the room.

130 INT: ALDER MACGREGOR'S ROOM - DAY

MacGregor is changing into his Punch costume and already has half of it on. Howie moves swiftly into the room and brings the candle stick down hard on the Innkeeper's head. MacGregor slumps across his bed, the trouser part of his costume attached to his legs only, like a half peeled skin. Howie pulls this off

130 CONTD

him, and grabbing the coverlet from the bed, uses it to truss the unconscious man to the bedpost. Quickly looking at his watch, which registers seven minutes to three, he starts to climb into the costume. Having got into the first half, he turns to the dressing table on which, grinning at him, stands the hook nosed, hook chinned mask of Punch, and beside it a bladder on a stick. He dons the top of his costume with evident distaste, and then picks up the mask and puts it on. We now see, as he grabs his bladder and leaves the room, what it is that caused this distaste -- that of course his costume sports Punch's well known hump and codpiece.

131 EXT: THE GREEN - DAY

In enormous close up we see the eye of the hobby horse, winking at us. The church clock strikes three o'clock, and this is re-echoed by a drum beating three times. We pull back to see the hobby horse formed up on the green at the head of a large procession of men. Behind it, is Lord Summerisle in his Teaser costume, and behind him Howie disguised as Punch. Behind him are the swordsmen, and behind them are the antlered dancers. In the background we notice a crowd of men dressed in animal masks -- as when we first saw the fishermen, otters, badgers, foxes, eagles, stoats and rats predominate. We also notice the effigy of John Barleycorn held aloft, and the Salmon of Knowledge costume, and the mask of Old Brazen Face. Flanking the procession are the musicians -- playing drums, tambourines, hornpipes, bagpipes, whistles and fiddles. As the drum continues to beat, the men we have previously seen by the hot tar barrel rush up to the hobby horse with big brushes dripping tar and proceed to paint its vast hooped skirt. The hornpipes and three holed whistles take up the beat, followed by the fiddles and at last the sustaining drone of the bagpipes. As one they launch themselves into the ancient Morris Dance Hornpipe Hunt The Squirrel. The procession moves off down the High Street led by the great, plunging, prancing hobby horse, dripping its warm tar and clacking its hinged jaw.

132 EXT: HIGH STREET - DAY Cut.

A bird's eye view of the procession as it dances its way down the High Street. At the rear, many of the dancers peel off, and enter the houses on either side of the street, going out by the back doors to enter the next house by the back doors, and so emerge on the street again either to repeat the process or rejoin

132 CONTD

the procession. These dancers carry branches of blossom and green leaves which in intercuts we see them leave in the livingrooms of the empty houses. Finally, at the end of the High Street nearest the harbour, the procession forms up again and heads for the open country along a road which leads them between the open fields.

133 EXT: COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Again from a bird's eye point of view, we see the procession streaming out of the village along the country road. A few hundred yards ahead we see the women and girls of the village walking together. As the procession rounds the corner, their delighted shrieks of anticipation float back to us on the wind. The procession surges forward, with the monstrous hobby horse fair flying down the road, followed by the whirling Teazer, and more lumbering Punch.

134 EXT: COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The camera is down among the women and girls, who are walking at no great pace, and who continually look back over their shoulders towards the advancing procession of men. The giggles and hysteria mount the nearer the hobby horse gets, until suddenly with a darting, leaping run it is upon them, clacking at their heels, and swinging his skirts to smear their clothes with tar. Sometimes he manages to seize a girl and put her under his great body, only to release her a few seconds later squealing and blushing. Behind the foraging hobby horse, Lord Summerisle, in his Teazer dress, dances wildly in counterpoint, his long black hair flying in the wind, but at his side Punch labours badly. The disguised Howie's performance has plainly infuriated Summerisle.

LORD SUMMERISLE
What's the matter with you, MacGregor -- call that dancing? Let's have some capers ... Use your bladder ... Play the Fool, man. That's what you're here for.

Howie/Punch flicks his bladder feebly at a couple of girls who easily elude him.

LORD SUMMERISLE
I suppose you've gone and got drunk at your own bar.

134 CONTD

Suddenly the ranks of the retreating women break, and Willow dances forward. We recognise her by the tit bird mask which she is wearing and which we saw lying on the bar in the Green Man. She is carrying two long tong shaped castanets in her hand which to much laughter from all round, she aims at Punch, nipping at his cod-piece and his bladder. Finally to a roar of applause, he attacks her furiously with his bladder, driving her back to disappear into the crowd of women.

LORD SUMMERISLE
That's more like it! ... Good!
... Good! ... Enjoy yourself! ...
Today's the day you play the Fool!

The procession winds on away from us, into the country-side. The women scream; the hobby horse snaps and darts; the Teazer pirouettes; Punch is mocked and retaliates; the sword dancers whiffle their swords from side to side and clank them ritually together; the horn dancers advance, retire and cross sides; the men in the animal masks, dance and roar freely; and the musicians bang, and blow and scrape with gusto. Slowly we mix through to the next scene.

135 EXT: A ROAD AMONG THE APPLE ORCHARDS - LATE AFTERNOON

A high shot of the fantastic procession winding its way along a path through the blossom covered apple orchards. The music and screaming comes to us faintly, but clearly. Birds fly up out of the blossom to wheel overhead in the clear late afternoon sky, and hares bound away among the lines of trees. A primitive society is at play. Another slow mix takes us to the next scene.

136 EXT: GORGE LEADING DOWN TO THE BEACH - EVENING
POV CLIFF

The procession dances its way down a tree lined gorge to the beach below. From our high position we can see that the defile gets narrower and narrower until where it debouches on the beach there is only room for three people to stand abreast. Suddenly Lord Summerisle runs to the front of the procession and holds up his hands. There is instant silence.

137 EXT: GORGE - EVENING

The camera is now in the gorge giving us a close up of Lord Summerisle. He makes a gesture to the six

137 CONTD

sword dancers who take up position facing each other, three a side behind him in the neck of the groge from where it opens out onto the beach. The swords suddenly leap up and thrust together forming a "knot" of interlocking weapons. The camera pans across the masked faces as everyone stands motionless, watching. The pan comes to rest to favour the Punch figure, somewhat isolated from the others, and very attentive. The musicians start to play the tune of Oranges and Lemons, and then Lord Summerisle sings in the appropriate place.

LORD SUMMERISLE
(singing)
Now here comes the chopper to chop
off your head. Chop, chop, chop,
chop ...

EVERYONE
Chop, chop, chop, chop, chop,
chop, chop, chop ...

They continue to chant as Lord Summerisle turns and leads the procession under the knot, in single file, and so out onto the beach. It descends harmlessly around his neck, and harmlessly around each successive neck. The music grows in volume and menace.

EVERYONE
Chop, chop, chop, chop, chop,
chop, chop, chop ...

The procession stands out on the beach after it has passed under the knot, all that is except Lord Summerisle who remains by the sword dancers seeing that everyone passes through. He spots Punch/Howie standing rigidly to one side.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Everyone must go through, MacGregor.
It's a game of chance, remember?

Howie/Punch moves reluctantly into the line, moving towards the knot, putting himself behind a man masked as a badger, and in front of a girl with a hare's head. We see the descending knot from Punch's point of view, and see him hesitate for a second to move forward.

EVERYONE
(crescendo)
Chop, chop, chop, chop, chop,
chop, chop, chop ...

137 CONTD (2)

The man in front of him passes through safely, then he is thrust forward violently by the pressure from behind. The knot descends on his head, but harmlessly. It rises and he is safely through. Behind him the knot descends on the girl with the hare's head. Instantly the music ceases. Howie/Punch turns in time to see the swordsmen break the knot with a scream of steel and slowly raise their weapons. There is a moment's total silence, and then as he lurches forward to intervene, the swordsmen smash their swords down one after another to decapitate the hare/girl. The head flies to some distance from the body, rolls and lies still. Howie/Punch pulls up short in the dead silence. He is about to unmask, when to his astonishment and horror a sort of gurgling laugh comes from the body. A figure who is recognisably Miss Rose in a golden cat mask runs and tears open the neck of the dress upon the top of the decapitated trunk. We see Holly Grimmond's laughing face poke through the aperture in the chest.

MISS ROSE
Come on, Holly. Come back to life.

Everyone applauds wildly as she is helped out of her costume and gets to her feet. Everyone that is except Punch, who walks off by himself onto the beach, a grotesque, shaken, disconsolate figure.

138 EXT: BEACH - EVENING

The strand of sand is at least half a mile long and about fifty yards deep. Howie/Punch stands watching as the islanders form a line, alternating men and women, and arms on each others shoulders, walk ceremoniously down to the water's edge. They kneel down in a long line on either side of a horse and cart which is standing waiting for them. On the cart stands a large barrel of beer, and on top of it an axe. A ramp runs from the cart into the sea. When all are kneeling Lord Summerisle mounts the cart and picking up the axe sweeps it through the air commanding silence.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Shoney, God of the Sea, I give you this ale as a libation, that you may in the year to come bestow on us the rich and diverse fruits of your kingdom.

138 CONTD

With a great blow he staves in the side of the barrel with the axe so that the beer foams out. After a few moments he pushes the barrel down the ramp into the sea. There is a great cheer from the islanders who rise to their feet shouting.

EVERYONE
Hail Shoney of the Lews!
Accept our offering!

The staved in barrel slowly sinks in the sea. Lord Summerisle watches it disappear, then turns and points up the beach towards a large cave cut in the cliff.

LORD SUMMERISLE
And now for our more dreadful sacrifice, to those who command the fruit of the earth.

He stretches out his hand in a commanding gesture. From the mouth of the cave a horn sounds. It echoes sonorously in great recurring waves, as if it were running along subterranean passages and then returning. Howie still dressed as Punch, who has remained standing three quarters of the way up the beach from the sea, swings round to trace the source of this new sound. He sees the cave, and the camera zooms in to show what he is seeing -- the figure of Rowan Morrison, her hair dressed in spring flowers, her frock the same as the one she was wearing in the photograph which accompanied the original anonymous letter. Round her neck is a large garland of flowers, rather like a lei, and round her waist is a white rope which binds her to a central giant stalagmite, which rises from the cave floor. Standing next to her is a young man who is blowing a ram's horn.

HOWIE
Christ Jesus!

He looks back at the beach to where the line of islanders have turned to face the cave, and as they take their first steps towards it, he starts to run, stumbling over the loose sand. After a few paces he stops and starts to remove his Punch costume, but thinks better of it.

HOWIE (THOUGHT VOICE)
Perhaps I'll get more of a start if they think I'm MacGregor.

138 CONTD (2)

He runs on towards the cave. Behind him the islanders move in the same direction. Hindered by the bulky costume and the shifting sands, his progress has something in it of a slow motion nightmare, but finally he gains the cave and stumbles inside.

139 INT: CAVE - DAY

The cave is dark but shafted with sunlight. The young man with the ram's horn steps up to meet him.

YOUNG MAN
What's the matter, Mr. MacGregor? Why are you running?

Howie smashes the smiling youth into unconsciousness with one simple savage blow of his fist. As he crumples to the ground, Howie turns and breaks off a piece of stalagmite from a small growth near the floor. With its sharp point he goes to work on the white rope which binds Rowan Morrison to the giant stalagmite. In the background we see the islanders approaching, spread out in a long line.

HOWIE
Don't be frightened, I'm a police officer from the mainland. I've come to get you away.

ROWAN MORRISON
You're not Mister MacGregor?

HOWIE
No.

ROWAN MORRISON
You look like him. He's always Punch.

HOWIE
I know. I took this costume away from Mister MacGregor so I could disguise myself and rescue you.

ROWAN MORRISON
What's your name?

HOWIE
Howie. Neil Howie. Now just help me cut this rope by sitting quite still.

139 CONTD

ROWAN MORRISON
Hurry Mister, please ... I don't like it here. They're going to ... They're going to ...

HOWIE
I know all about it. Sit quite still now.

Howie works furiously with the point of the stalagmite. The strands of rope fray and part one by one. The islanders are nearer.

ROWAN MORRISON
I haven't seen Mummy for ever so long, but I've been Queen, you know, and I've had my own court ... But I'm frightened now ... May Day's nearly over.

The rope suddenly parts and Howie pulls Rowan to her feet, and looks towards the mouth of the cave for escape, but it is blocked by islanders.

ROWAN MORRISON
We can escape through the cave. I know the way.

Howie, holding the child by the hand, runs for the back of the cave and disappears into the darkness. At a sign from Lord Summerisle four men bearing flambeaux break from the ranks of the islanders and give chase.

140 INT: THE BACK OF THE CAVE AND SUCCEEDING CAVES - AS NIGHT

A moment of horror comes for both of them when they brush into a line of petrified dead creatures hanging from a line. But they keep moving. Faint flambeaux reflections shaft the darkness. At first we hear only panting and breathing and footsteps on wet stone, and the sounds of trickling water. Then out of the murk come Howie and Rowan clambering and slipping on the wet surfaces. We pan round with them to see that they have emerged into a cathedral sized cavern of strangely coloured rocks and mosses, and glittering stalactites and stalagmites. Rowan leads the way, pulling the policeman with one hand and pointing with the other.

ROWAN MORRISON
There's a ledge here on the left where we can hide, but it's a bit high.

140 CONTD

They come to the ledge which is some five feet off the ground, and Howie lifts the girl up to it, and then with a great effort, scrambles up himself, and disappears from the viewpoint of those below, just as the four young men burst into the cave carrying their flambeaux. From Howie and Rowan's point of view, we see them look carefully around, and then start to search the cave with their lights held high. Their search is a thorough one, and Howie and Rowan are pinned down, not daring to move, while they make it. At one point Howie cautiously lifts his head, and the light from one of the flambeaux throws a huge distorted shadow of his Punch mask onto the wall of the cave. Rowan points this out to him, and he hastily lowers his head. At last the four meet peering around them with their lights. The two fugitives are in danger of being seen and Howie, pressing Rowan into a crevice in the rock, hurls himself out at the four who have the misfortune to be standing by a waterfall above a pool leading to a fast moving stream. Two go straight over as he hits them. A fight ensues with the other two which is a spectacular of whirling flambeaux and the ultimate toppling of the other two into the pool far below.

ROWAN MORRISON
(whispering)
There's a tunnel that leads up to the top of the cliff. It's a bit steep, but it's jolly good. We found it when we were exploring.

HOWIE
(whispering)
O.K. You go first.

Rowan takes a dozen steps along the ledge, then rounds a corner and we find ourselves in a long tunnel.

141 INT: TUNNEL - DAY

The tunnel slopes precipitously upwards. It runs with water and the stone is lichenous and slimy. At the very far end of it there is a glimmer of daylight. Rowan goes first and shows greater agility than Howie who is cruelly hampered by his Punch outfit, which again throws the oddest shadows back to us as it moves away up the tunnel. From time to time the child stops to allow Howie to catch up.

ROWAN
Come on, slowcoach. Not far now.

141 CONTD

The ground gets steeper and steeper, and the two figures slip and pant and grunt with the effort of climbing.

ROWAN MORRISON
I'm sorry. It's worse than I remembered it.

HOWIE
Never mind. I think we've lost our friends with the torches.

The light at the top gets steadily closer and stronger and suddenly with a last great gasping effort they emerge from the tunnel into the open air.

142 EXT: CLIFF TOP BY THE STONES - EVENING

Howie and Rowan stand in the evening sunlight looking down at the beach below them. It is deserted except for the horse and cart which still stands by the water's edge. HVwie reels back from the appalling drop and turns to meet the final horror. In front of him are the huge neolithic circle of granite rocks -- "The Stones". Around them are grouped all the islanders, masked and silent. A little apart in front of them stands Lord Summerisle in his Teazer costume. Above everything, standing in the centre of the circle, looms The Wicker Man -- the dreadful sacrificial colossus of the Druids. Over sixty feet high, it is constructed of segmented wicker cages lashed together to form the shape of a man, and topped by the semblance of a huge human head with flowing head and beard. The central partition in the giant's stomach is empty, and a hinged wicker gate stands open to receive the victim. A ladder leads up to this section. All the other cages are filled to overflowing with farm animals of all sorts -- goats, pigs, sheep, chickens, and baby calves. Brushwood is stacked up at its feet. Howie looks wildly to the right and left but perceives that he is flanked by the four young men with flambeaux who have come out of different holes in the cliff top, and now stand ready to escort him to Lord Summerisle. They close in on him and start the short journey. Rowan wrenches her hand from Howie's and skips ahead to embrace Lord Summerisle. He picks her up and kisses her.

ROWAN MORRISON
Did I do it right?

142 CONTD

LORD SUMMERISLE
Dear little Rowan. You did it excellently!

He sets her down, and Miss Rose steps forward in her golden cat mask and leads her away and back to her mother who is wearing the chicken mask which we saw previously in her hand. Next to her stands Myrtle also wearing her chicken mask. Howie, flanked by the four men, stops in front of Lord Summerisle. His eyes follow Rowan as she rejoins her mother. He is too dazed to struggle.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Welcome, Fool. You have come of your own free will to your appointment with The Wicker Man. The game is over.

HOWIE
What do you mean? What game?

LORD SUMMERISLE
The game of the hunted leading the hunter. You came to find Rowan Morrison. But it is we who have found you, just as we intended to do.

HOWIE
(dazed)
I don't understand. Rowan Morrison was missing. I had to come. I had a letter ...

LORD SUMMERISLE
Yes, I know. It was from all of us -- an irresistible invitation to visit, you might say. You see our research had told us that you were just the man we wanted, and we were determined to get you here. Of course we were equally determined to control your every action and thought once you had arrived, and we were rather successful, don't you think?

HOWIE
Successful? ...

142 CONTD (2)

LORD SUMMERISLE
Yes, remember how at first you were led to think that Rowan Morrison didn't exist, and then that she had died, and then that she had been murdered, and then finally that she was being held as a sacrifice because the crops failed last year?

HOWIE
But they did fail last year. I saw the harvest photograph.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Oh yes, they failed alright -- disastrously so, for the first time since my grandfather came here. The blossom came, but the fruit withered and died on the bough. That must not happen again this year. That's why we needed a powerful sacrifice to prevent it.

Involuntarily Howie glances up at The Wicker Man. Lord Summerisle catches the glance.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Animals are fine, of course, but their acceptability is limited. No, I'm afraid my islanders realised that only a human sacrifice would do, and as their leader I could not deny it to them. Naturally, you must appreciate, it went against the grain to slaughter one of them -- I hold them all too dear. And besides, the sacrifice of a child wouldn't be nearly as effective as the sacrifice of the right kind of adult.

HOWIE
(horrified)
The right kind of adult!

LORD SUMMERISLE
Yes. What we needed was a stranger who would come here of his own free will; who would come here with the
(MORE)

142 CONTD (3)

LORD SUMMERISLE (Contd)
power of a king, as you have such power over this island by representing its secular law; who would come here as a virgin, as incredibly it seems you still are; and who would come here as a Fool.

HOWIE
(he makes a sudden dash to run)
A fool?

But Oak, the giant, holds his arms from behind in an instant. Miss Rose and Willow come forward and deftly cut Howie out of his Punch costume. He stands before them naked. As Lord Summerisle continues to talk, they pour clear water from wooden buckets over him, and dry him gently with fluffy white towels as if he were a little boy. They are punctiliously gentle with him, and after they have washed him, they ritually anoint his skin with oil, presenting it to him in cupped hands before rubbing it upon his chest and back and thighs. Howie accepts their favours, which are the skillful rites of ecstasy -- as agony! Their knowledgeable caresses are as the arrows that struck Saint Sebastian ...

LORD SUMMERISLE
Yes, Punch is a Fool -- one of the great Fool/Victims of history in fact. He is called Fool for he has accepted the role of being King for a day. Who but a fool would accept such a role? I'm sorry I had to chide you so publicly for your performance of the role in the procession, but it was spectacularly lethargic. After all, his part isn't all that arduous to play these days.

Lord Summerisle picks up the top half of the Punch costume from the ground where the women dropped it, holding it by the hump.

LORD SUMMERISLE
As you see he's got his padded hump to protect him from the traditional scourging of the multitude, and in the shadow of his death, he is always offered the most sumptuous women. We offered you Miss Willow MacGregor who many think to be the most delectable of our ladies, but in defence of your virginity, you rejected her, as we hoped you would, for I need hardly add

(MORE)

142 CONTD (4)

LORD SUMMERISLE (Contd)
that that restraint makes your sacrifice doubly acceptable to the Gods. You look dumbfounded, Sergeant, but surely, even as a practising Christian, you must know that the outstanding function of the King for a day in folklore is to undergo death and revival -- resurrection if you like. They crowned a man called Jesus with thorns because He said He was King and that He would be resurrected ... and killed him to see if it came true.

HOWIE
Death ... Revival? ... Resurrection. You're raving mad! You're talking about symbols ... like bread and wine at the mass.

Lord Summerisle drops the costume on the ground.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Exactly. Proceedings today have thus far been symbolic, but now I am afraid their nature has to change. If my people are not to go hungry next year, your death has to be a reality. The revival, of course, will not be yours, but will, hopefully, be in the field of horticulture.

Howie shakes his head in bewilderment, as if he can't believe his senses.

LORD SUMMERISLE
You still seem puzzleed, and that's a pity. You should be clear headed and joyous, taking comfort in the fact that even though we have dressed you as a Fool, you do die as our king.

HOWIE
You dressed me as a Fool? I merely fell into the trap. And I am to die partly because I am a Christian and -- yes, it's true -- a virgin!? Oh yes, I do see I am a very special and rare kind of fool.

He is bitter now, terrified and near to tears.

142 CONTD (5)

LORD SUMMERISLE
I will not ask you to forgive us for manipulating you so shamefully every step of the way from the mainland to the Wicker Man, but only urge you to try and comprehend that men with your attributes are rare, and we had to have you. You must come now. It is time. Believing what you do we offer you a rare gift -- these days -- a martyr's death. More worthy of a King -- though being a fool has brought you to it.

The four flambeaux bearers form a guard of honour round Howie, and Lord Summerisle turns and leads the party through The Stones to the centre by the foot of the ladder which leads up to the empty compartment in the stomach of The Wicker Man. Howie looks upwards at the terrible effigy, shudders convulsively, and struggles to escape.

HOWIE
(losing control for an instant, screaming)
MAD! MAD! YOU'RE ALL RAVING MAD!

Lord Summerisle points to the ladder. Howie cannot move. The giant, Oak, picks up Howie like a child holding him aloft above his head. He turns and slowly mounts the ladder with his burden powerless in his hands. The camera moves upwards with the men to see the animals penned inside The Wicker Man in close-up. The giant reaches the empty central compartment and throws Howie inside it. He then fastens the wicker door behind him and retreats down the ladder. Back on the ground Lord Summerisle turns and addresses the company.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Nuada, mighty God of the Sun, accept our sacrifice and be appeased.

EVERYONE
Nuada, mighty God of the Sun, accept our sacrifice and be appeased.

(Continued)

142 CONTD (6)

LORD SUMMERISLE
Avellenau, bountiful Goddess of our orchards, accept our sacrifice and make our blossoms fruit.

EVERYONE
Avellenau, bountiful Goddess of our orchards, accept our sacrifice and make our blossoms fruit.

LORD SUMMERISLE
Reverence the sacrifice.

The entire company unmasks and kneels. Everyone looks up at Howie. We see them from his point of view about twenty five feet off the ground. There are about two hundred people and amongst them we recognise everyone we have met: the fishermen, the harbour master, Mrs. May Morrison, Rowan and Myrtle, Mrs. Grimmond and Holly, Willow, and the men in the bar of The Green Man, the waitress in the restaurant, and Ash Buchannan, and Miss Rose and the boys and girls of the school, and the old gardener and the nursing mother at the church, and Lennox the chemist standing to one side with his camera, and Ewan the doctor, and the children singing in the street, and the Librarian and the old man in the library, and the Gillie who took Howie to the castle, and Broome the butler, and Alistair and Duggald, and the butcher and the baker and the fishmonger and the men and women and children of the houses he searched, and the women in the hairdressing salon, and all the tarmen and swordsmen, and antler dancers and musicians of the procession and even Alder MacGregor himself who has joined the company. They are silent. All we hear is a light wind off the sea and the noise of animals.

Howie grasps the wicker bars of his cage and addresses the islanders urgently. The camera intercuts close ups of Howie's face with those of his audience.

HOWIE
(shouting)
Men and women of Summerisle, consider what you're doing. You are committing murder. All of you will be guilty, and you will be doing it for nothing. This is a useless sacrifice. There is no Sun God. There is no Goddess of the orchards. Your crops failed because the strains failed. Fruit is not meant to grow
(MORE)

142 CONTD (7)

HOWIE (Contd)
in these islands. It is against nature. True, for awhile, with careful grafting and fertilising it did grow. But now these cultivations are exhausted. To have any chance of restoring them you must go back to the laboratory and renew your experiments. And back perhaps to the true God that no amount of science has yet disproved. Burning me to death will not bring back your apples, or your pears, or your apricots. Summerisle, tell them that you know it won't.

We

CUT TO:

143 CLOSE-UP - LORD SUMMERISLE

His eyes reflect utter conviction.

LORD SUMMERISLE
(shouting)
But I know it will. It is the only way.

He makes a gesture to the flambeaux bearers who step forward and light the brushwood from huge buckets and barrels of flaming tar, and the flames leap upwards at The Wicker Man. We

CUT TO:

144 CLOSE-UP - HOWIE'S FACE

in front of which smoke is already beginning to drift.

HOWIE
(shouting)
If the fruit fails again this year, you will need another blood sacrifice, and it will have to be a more important one than this one. Next year it may not be a stranger -- no-one less than the King of Summerisle himself will do. Do you hear me, Summerisle? If the
(MORE)

144 CONTD

HOWIE (Contd)
crops fail your people will see to it that it is you who will burn next May Day.

We

CUT TO:

145 CLOSE-UP - LORD SUMMERISLE'S FACE

For a fleeting moment it wears an expression of doubt and fear. Miss Rose regards him speculatively. We

CUT BACK TO:

146 CLOSE-UP - HOWIE

He sinks to his knees in the cage. Now he has the only ecstasy he can know. That given by legitimate, martyring pain. The smoke is thicker and over his prayer we hear the noise of the disturbed animals.

HOWIE
O, God, Whose nature is ever to show mercy and forbearance, I humbly entreat Thee, for the soul of this Thy servant Neil Howie, who will today depart from this world. Do not deliver me into the enemy's hands or put me out of mind forever, but bid Thy holy angels welcome me and lead me home to Paradise. Let me not undergo the real pains of hell, because I die unshriven, but establish me in that bliss which knows no ending, through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The camera

CUTS BACK TO:

147 MEDIUM LONG SHOT

as the whole edifice is wreathed in fire and smoke. The animals and birds bellow and shriek and cackle in terror, but suddenly, above the violent din of their death agonies we hear three long piercing human shrieks. They are somewhat spaced to allow the camera slowly to move into a TIGHT CLOSE-UP of the head of The Wicker Man. It catches fire, the blazing hair giving it for an instant the look of a halo. The head burns

147 CONTD

through and topples off, revealing behind it the blood orange sun sinking into the water. The screen turns slowly to blackness, as the agonized bedlam of the sacrifice fades away into silence.

FADE OUT.

END